



Photo credit: Fuminori Sato

CHANGING FACE OF THE MISSION

GARTLAND SITE CONSTRUCTION

- by Albert Sgambati

On April 22nd, the North Mission News met with Ben Martinez, chief executive officer of the non-profit Mission Housing Development Corporation to review plans for construction on the Gartland Pit site at 16th and Valencia.

Construction on the site has been slated for July or August. The four story building, with twenty residential units and 10,000 square feet of commercial space, carrying a total price tag of \$3,186,000, should be completed in about a year's time.

The funds for this combination low to middle income residential and commercial property come largely from a Federal Housing Urban Development Grant and the City.

The site, vacant since 1975 when the Gartland partments were gutted by an arsonist's fire which left 25 people dead, has been a grim reminder to tenants of this district of the conflict between people and profit. Now it might serve as a symbol of hope.

The residential units, set around a courtyard, will all be handicap accessible, with six four-bedroom units, eleven three-bedroom, two two-bedroom and one one-bedroom. Commercial space at the street level will be leased to a childcare center with space enough for thirty five children, and Pollo Loco, an eatery who, Martinez told us, was a reputable firm. Tenant parking will be provided in a garage beneath the building.

Martinez, an economic realist though with his heart in the Mission, explained the need to attract viable tenants for the building's commercial space as a way to offset rents for the residential units.

He plans to be present at the North Mission Association's May 19th meeting at El Buen Pastor church for all those wishing to find out more about the project.

MAJOR ZONING CHANGES

- by Bob Ponting

A proposal to create two neighborhood commercial zones in the Mission district may leave more than 100 ground-floor housing units vulnerable to commercial conversion. But advocates of the rezoning plan say that it will protect the neighborhood's distinctive character and control commercial development in the Mission.

The proposal, known as the Neighborhood Commercial Rezoning Plan, would create two Neighborhood Commercial Districts in the Mission: Valencia St. between 14th and Army, and 24th Street between Bartlett and San Bruno Avenue. The

new zoning controls would restrict the kinds of businesses that could operate along these two streets. For example, no new bars would be permitted on 24th Street and new restaurants would have to be approved by the Planning Commission after public hearings.

The stated goal of the new controls is to halt the sort of rapid changes that have taken place in neighborhoods like Union Street, where new bars, restaurants and boutiques have proliferated, displacing small businesses that had served the community for years. The zoning changes are also meant to preserve existing housing in the city's commercial districts.

The Planning Department has been working on the rezoning plan since 1984. The Department has been using an early version of the proposed controls on a trial basis since 1985. The plan, which covers the entire city, is an ambitious

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PG&E'S HUGE PROJECT

- Ben Heck

NORTH MISSION RESIDENTS TO MAKE INVOLUNTARY DONATIONS TO CITY HALL
OR... WHERE DO THE STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO TAKE VACATIONS ANYWAY?

Despite objections from neighbors and concerns expressed by the North Mission Association, the City Planning Commission unanimously voted to give the block of Treat Avenue between 18th and 19th to PG&E.

"The planning process has been a pathetic mockery," complained John Sheridan who operates a furniture business on the afflicted block. He said that the 56-60 cars driven into the Mission by PG&E employees and now parked on Treat have not been factored into the neighborhood's already cramped parking situation, and that street vacation (Planning's term for such giveaways) implied approval of PG&E's proposed office facility, for which "250 more parking spaces will be needed."

Other concerns raised included PG&E's compensatory payment going into the General Fund rather than parking in the Mission, the resulting increase in parking ticket taxes residents will have to pay, the absence of specific or comprehensive neighborhood planning studies and the necessity of closing Treat.

PG&E officials and supporters countered by saying that the street vacation would allow them to move their equipment in and out of their facility, providing faster response time for emergencies. Concern was also expressed on both sides whether it would allow PG&E to expand its facility and workforce, and whether Mission residents will have access to new jobs, as PG&E has promised. Several speakers cited security considerations as requiring the closing of the street.

Carolyn Sheridan, denying that opponents of the closure were opposed to PG&E workers, addressed the security matter by stating that she had rejected a PG&E request to install

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ZONING

Cont. from p.1

attempt to define 210 separate neighborhood commercial areas and provide growth and use controls tailored for each case.

In addition to spelling out the kinds of business allowed in a district the controls also make it more difficult to convert housing units above the ground floor to commercial uses.

"The requirement would be that the applicant demonstrate that [conversion] is going to provide a benefit to the community that is going to outweigh the loss of the dwelling units," says Robin Jones, the planner in charge of the rezoning project. "The presumption is that housing should be retained."

There are those, however, who don't think the proposed restrictions are strong enough. Bob Weisblatt, a member of the North Mission Association, believes that the new controls would allow excessive residential conversion on Valencia St.

"They looked at what were the worst cases [in the city] and then looked at an individual neighborhood, and if you were less than the worst case, it was cool," he says. "They have what we consider a truly bizarre esthetic in that continuous store fronts along the first floor are considered good... Basically, any permitted commercial use has preference at the first floor over any residential use, which is idiotic." Weisblatt says that there are over 100 ground-floor residential units along Valencia Street that need to be protected from commercial conversion.

Louise Esquerro, a teacher at McAteer High School and a long-time activist in the Mission, is pleased with the protections that the rezoning will provide for Valencia and 24th Street. She believes, however, that Mission Street, the commercial heart of the neighborhood, should have stronger protections against residential conversion than the rezoning plan would provide.

"In order to maintain the viability of Mission Street, it must have some protections," she argues. "It's one of the few streets that still has that mix of residential and commercial, and that has suitable affordable housing."

Bob Switzer, director of the Mission Economic Development Association, says that the proposal is a compromise between preserving housing and allowing commercial development.

"Somebody's ox is going to get gored in this kind of situation, as always happens, and there will be implementation problems, as there always are," says Switzer. "But I think that the plan is not only reasonable, but it provides ample opportunity for appeal."

Switzer says that the Mission needs more affordable housing and, at the same time, it needs the kind of economic development that will provide both jobs and services to the neighborhood. The rezoning plan can't guarantee that these goals will be met, he says.

"It can prevent something from happening that you don't want to happen, but it doesn't insure that the goals that you do want to happen will in fact happen... It is a beginning," he says, but it doesn't relieve the planning department or the city from taking the steps necessary to fulfill these goals.

The Planning Commission expects to hold public hearings on the rezoning plan through May. If they adopt the proposal, as seems likely, it will then go to the Board of Supervisors for approval. The Mayor must then sign it for the plan to become law.

PG&E

Cont. from p.1

surveillance cameras on the roof of her business for the purpose of spying on employees and declared that "PG&E should provide alternate parking."

Former Supervisor and PG&E supporter Lee Dolson said "How sweet to shut down Treat," after the decision, during which Commissioner Sue Bierman expressed hope that the neighborhood be "taken into consideration" in future PG&E ventures. It is anticipated that the utility will be invited before a North Mission Association meeting in the not-too-distant future.

I met an angry man at 5th and Mission Street the other day. He was cleanly, if not expensively dressed, and stated... several times... that he was a veteran. Just for emphasis.

He was angry because the San Francisco Newspaper Agency, publishers of the Chronicle and Examiner, have instituted security patrols on the alley in which old newspapers are stored for disposal. I found this hard to believe and checked for myself and was rapidly accosted by a uniformed man who informed me in a foreign accent that I would be arrested if I even so much as glanced covetously at the day-old papers.

It's no secret that down and outers have been known to raid the trash bins behind SFNA. The merely down prefer the glossy coupons and Help-Wanted ads (particularly Sunday sections), while the out will settle for anything that can double either as mattress or blanket or provide a supporting role in the performance of certain bodily functions.

Psychologists have speculated exhaustively on the mental state of those compelled to hoard their trash, and it would be impolite to question the complexes of Messrs. Hearst and Thieriot who, after all, are so compelled to demonstrate their witthiness by running Zippy, Doonesbury and Hunter Thompson (not to mention Abe Mollinkoff and John Dvorak).



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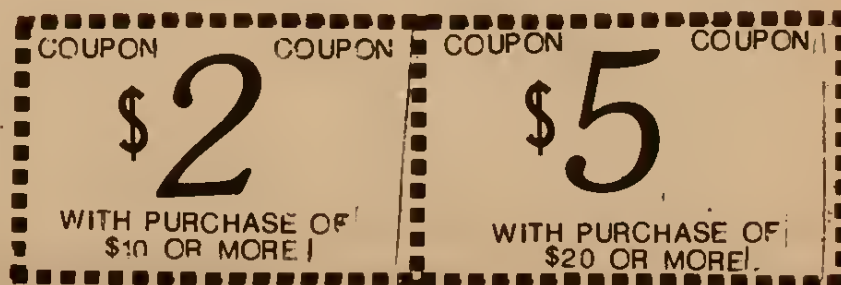
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EYE
GOUGING

of such an action, nor did the evictions of all the tenants of the Goodman Building take into account the important cultural contributions the artists in the Goodman Building were making. Any challenge to such acts, based not on legal, but rather on moral grounds, can easily be countered by a sympathetic smile and the words, "I'm sorry I have to throw you out, but my books don't balance."

In 1983 New College of California bought three buildings. Two were on Valencia Street between 18th and 19th, and the third was on Laidge, behind the Valencia Street property. With this physical expansion and the expansion of academic programs such as the community based Psychology Program, the Visual Arts programs and others, it seemed as though New College was to undergo a renaissance. This renaissance period was short-lived, however, for New College was to face an economic crisis in 1986 which led to the selling of all three buildings, as well as the vacating and attempt to sell its main building at 777 Valencia which is still on the market.

New College moved its Valencia Street operations into its Law School building downtown, at 50 Fell Street. It is still offering its degree programs, and is still reeling from the effects of the economic crisis and its relocation. In its wake, it left its former tenants (which include CISPES, Solidarity Publications, and the Eye Gallery) with a new owner who had his own plans determining the use of the property.

Sam Pon, the new owner, opened Pon's Chinese Restaurant in the space which used to house the New College Gallery. Next door, the Eye Gallery was approaching the end of the first period of its lease with increasing trepidation.

The lease was for five years with an "option" for another three. As there is no commercial rent control in San Francisco and as this option set no ceiling on the rent increase, the rent had the potential to rise like the temperature of an old Ford Pinto crossing the Sonora Desert... depending, of course, on what Mr. Pon wanted to do.

In any case, to make a long story short, the Eye Gallery will be moving in June or July to make way for Mr. Pon's sewing shop, unless something drastic happens with the negotiations on the option. At this late date, this does not seem likely, though miracles have happened. As the gallery was in the middle of doing long-term planning which involved increasing the size of its exhibitions, the frequency of events such as lectures and discussions on photography and social issues, and classes and workshops in photography geared toward the community, it is looking to move to a larger space on Valencia Street. Naturally, this involves some fundraising, so let me be the first to invite you to the Eye Gallery Auction of photographic art, to be held at La Raza Graphics on Valencia Street on May 17th.

The Eye Gallery will be involved in other fundraising efforts over the coming months, to insure a successful move without detracting too much from its exhibition schedule. Donations, as well as volunteer assistance are needed. Contact the gallery at 758 Valencia if you would like to help.

"Selections", a juried show of photography, will open at the Eye Gallery on May 7. There will be a reception for this exhibit on Friday, May 8, at 7:00 PM.

In June, the gallery has scheduled an exhibit concerning AIDS, curated by Jan Grover, who has been working for two years on a larger exhibition for Ohio State University that deals with the problems of representing AIDS in the media and in the visual arts. Fundraising and co-ordinating efforts at the gallery are directed toward this important exhibition.

The Eye Gallery's exhibition plans and social concerns were not, unfortunately, factors in lease negotiations. Stability, of what already exists in a building with a community, is not taken into account in speculation. In fact, it is preferred that tenants do not have such things as long leases so that they may be removed with greater ease.

[Tom Ferentz, media critic, is founder and on the Board of the Eye Gallery. He teaches photography at New College of California.]

Tom Ferentz

PROPERTY RELATIONS

I lived for four or five years on Lexington, a street in the North Mission that could have been the set for the movie Angels With Dirty Faces. My neighbor, Frances, was a retired woman who had lived in the house next door for over twenty-five years with a small poodle. One day, I looked around and there were carpenters chucking things out and building patios and redwood decks in the back yard. Suddenly, the building was no longer Frances' home. It had become a three-unit with an in-law. Rents started at \$650, \$750, \$850... and are probably still going up. Frances had to leave. She moved into a small apartment in a big building on a noisier corner which was the only place she could find that let her keep her dog. Some guy who looked like James Caan moved into her old place. He drove a Mercedes.

His first act was to install an electric garage door opener so he didn't have to leave his car to get into the building. He stayed less than a year. One of the carpenters who was still doing work on the building took the place downstairs.

My friend, Peter, questioned the carpenter one day. He had been talking about how nice the place looked now, and what a dump it had been before, when the "old lady" lived there. Peter wanted to know how he felt about living and making his livelihood under circumstances that had caused the eviction of Frances.

The carpenter stated that Frances hadn't been paying enough rent and would have had to go sooner or later. He claimed the line of questioning was unrealistic. Besides, the place was very much improved, it was housing a greater number of people, and he got a break on his rent in exchange for work he was doing on the building for the owner. In essence, he sided with his employer, the owner, on the side of development and in favor of Frances' eviction. He placed his trust in the owner of the property and thought he could live there forever, or at least as long as he wanted.

He didn't make it a year, probably because he didn't press his rights when the work was done and his own eviction notice came. He might have been able to hold on, might have worked with the Tenants' Union, might have gotten a fair shake if he had tried. However, he had been buying this free enterprise, private property-as-sacred-cow line for so long that it was impossible for him to back down at this point, even to save his own ass.

Business. Business, solid and hard as Rambo. It deals with far more than the isolated idea of making money. It embraces an ideology of indifference to anything that happens around you as a consequence of doing business. Through a conception that only encompasses increasing profits, it promotes unethical and irresponsible behavior. It is a scheme for comprehending and dealing with the world, at both the individual and corporate levels, based strictly on the profit motive and ignoring any destructive impact on a community, a city, or the world. Because it is indifferent to anything outside the self-contained business organism, and because this indifference is an acceptable mode of operation, plans for such things as evicting all of the residents of the International Hotel did not take into account the human consequences

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NEIGHBORS

LYNN JOHNSON



I'd like to talk about big business in the neighborhood, impersonal ownership of our local service establishments and how these affect our lives. Number one on my list is a big four-year gripe against SAN FRANCISCO AUTO CENTER, at 16th and Bryant. I bought a new little car four years ago and decided at that time to follow the warranty book and have it continually serviced at the factory authorized dealer. I've taken the car to SAN FRANCISCO AUTO CENTER every time it needed service. This time the car was just paid off and it was time for the 30,000 mile tune-up. They informed me this tune up costs \$290 and somehow convinced me it was worth it because they thoroughly inspect and report on all systems of the car. Having had problems with the "efficiency experts" there before, I thoroughly went over all functions and systems of the car for three days before taking it in. I had one defogger switch not working and a loose guard strip on the driver's door. I made special arrangements to take the car in at 7 AM

and leave it for the day.

They tuned it up and checked the tires and the brakes and a whole list of things; and they gratuitously filled the windshield squirter. For a large extra charge they replaced the non-functioning defogger switch leaving a large gash in the "woodgrain" on the dashboard. I picked the car up and found the outside door strip still hanging, but decided not to hassle with it. They guaranteed me verbally that the car was like new and everything was great. I thought well maybe it's worth \$340 just to know the car's in top shape. So I drove it out of the parking lot and found that the ventilation system suddenly was acting funny and the factory air-conditioning suddenly didn't seem to do much. So I made special arrangements and took it in at 7 AM again the next day, and this guy Steve drove it with me and said, "Oh, there's nothing wrong with the vent system." He did however discover a noise he didn't like so he kept the car and fixed the loose door strip. Finally, he called to tell me the noise was a loose hubcap.

I made another trip over and waited in line and picked up the car. I took off for Oregon the next day only to discover that indeed I had no air-conditioning for the whole trip through the broiling Sacramento Valley and back. Upon returning, I called Steve and was rewarded with the opportunity of making special arrangements once again, taking the car in at 7 AM and leaving it for the day while he's running large figures of how much it may cost me. I said, "Everything was working when I brought it in originally except the defogger switch, but when I picked the car up the air-conditioning wasn't, so why am I paying, or if you didn't mess it up why didn't you find the problem during your magnificent \$300 check-up?"

Steve said, "We didn't check the air-conditioning because you didn't ask us to."

I said, "I didn't ask you to because there wasn't anything wrong with it." So I left the car again, and Steve called me later to say that they had discovered a torn hose, and they could fix it for \$225 but they didn't have the part. So I got to pay for the part in advance, pick up the car, and now I get to wait to take the car over for another day of servicing. Suddenly I have almost \$600 and four days of my time in a tune-up with no explanations of my questions or of how this hose suddenly was broken after the "tune-up". These guys have this slick, polite, unyielding way of dealing with customers that leaves the feeling there is no alternative but to wait and pay and wait and pay. I'm angry at myself for continuing to do it especially when I realize that everytime I've gone there in four years the same thing's happened. I guess I forget in between.

I even somehow rationalized crossing a picket line to go in there. Perhaps this is my punishment for not honoring the picket line.

What really bothers me is that I think we're going to see more and more of this in the neighborhood as the rents go up and only big, slick businesses can pay the rents. The definition of service seems to be: The customer should be made to wait as long and as often as possible; Customer questions should be answered only with "I don't know, I just started to work here," or "That's the way it is,"; and the customer should be charged exorbitant rates with minimal explanations, rates that escalate with each question asked. I

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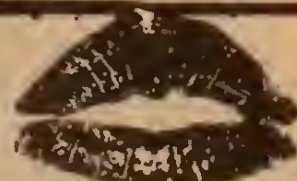
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see this more and more in the neighborhood. Have you tried to get service in one of the large bank branches in the neighborhood in the last few years? How about franchise operations like RADIO SHACK, PAY 'N PAK, or WALGREENS? In case you haven't noticed, our neighborhood is continually filling up with more and more of these slick, impersonal, bad-service corporations.

I was reminded of this again on the above-mentioned trip to Oregon on Interstate 5. The freeway is nothing but conglomerate franchises from Shell Stations to Oenny's and McDonald's restaurants that take your money and push you out of the way. And these same profiteers are making the towns in Oregon as ugly as the countryside is beautiful. The towns are growing quickly, and they are totally comprised of quick-built, ugly franchise businesses, one on top of the other: discount stores, fast-food restaurants, gas stations, supermarkets, auto-repair barns all with shiny signs and concrete parking lots. Frank Lloyd Wright was shocked in the 50's at the gross American invention he called "Slurbia", prefabricated houses and businesses that began to stretch for miles across this gorgeous country. He must turn in his grave to see how far we've come with the quick profit motive in the 80's.

I do go on about this problem, perhaps ad nauseum, but it is happening right here in our own neighborhood at a pace that's increasing geometrically. I think we all need to think seriously about what kind of environment we're letting profiteers build for us and for the next generations. I do not believe that it has to be this way. In order to change, we have to build a clear vision of exactly what kind of life and neighborhood we want and then take action to achieve that vision.

Congratulations to JUNGLE RED PRODUCTIONS on their recent production of "Not Really the Women". The play was as hysterical as promised and CAPP STREET THEATER was packed for each of the three performances. Although the shows were free, the hat was passed after the curtain and a few hundred dollars was gathered for neighborhood groups including the SAN FRANCISCO AIOS ALTERNATIVE HEALING PROJECT. Jungle Red Productions asked me to mention their special thanks to THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE bookstore on 24th Street at Church for a donation which got the show started on rehearsals and promotion.

Two restaurants I like a lot that I keep forgetting are CAFE GITANE on 16th near Guerrero and IT'S TOPS on Market Street just this side of the underpass. CAFE GITANE has one of the best Saturday brunches I know of at a great price. I wish they were open on Sundays so I could enjoy it more often. IT'S TOPS is a good place for breakfast any day of the week, and the regular morning waitress there bustles around the place with a friendly efficiency that's rare and commendable.

OPERATION CONCERN's outreach to Gay and Lesbian Elders continues offering a wide range of free activities to gay men and lesbians over 60. There are separate events for men and women several times a week including social activities, workshops, and recreational outings. For details and information you can call them directly at 626-7000. OPERATION CONCERN is located at 1853 Market Street.

At the YORK THEATER, 2789 24th Street, on Friday May 15th at 7:30 and 9:30 PM, Cine Accion presents "Machito: A Latin Jazz Legacy. This promises to be a great film of the history of Latin jazz and director/producer Carlos Ortiz will attend

continued on page 6



Christopher Beck and Co. celebrate their 13th annual spring season of S.F. performances May 8-9, 15-16 and 22-23. All shows are at 8:30 PM Fridays and Saturdays at the Centerspace Studio, 2840 Mariposa Street.

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6 both screenings which will be preceded by live performances of Afro-Cuban rhythms.

Centerspace Dance Foundation presents the sixth annual Men Dancing on two weekends this year, May 29-31 and June 5-7, with a different program each weekend. Performances are at CENTERSPACE STUDIO THEATER, 2840 Mariposa St., at PROJECT ARTAUD. You can go at 8 PM or the late show on Saturdays at 10 PM or the Sunday matinee at 4 PM. Call 861-5059 for further information. Tickets are available at the box office, at Ticketron or at STBS Union Square.

The Nicaragua Maternal-Child Health Project of the COMMITTEE FOR HEALTH RIGHTS IN CENTRAL AMERICA (513 Valencia Street) will host their annual Mother's Day Champagne Brunch on May 10 from 11 AM to 2 PM in Berkeley. Nicaraguan mothers of heroes and martyrs will be giving personal testimony, and there will be music by Lichi Fuentes. Tickets are \$15. Call 431-7760 for info and reservations.

GALERIA DE LA RAZA, 2851 24th Street, is presenting a very exciting exhibit and series of events, "Recuerdos de Frida," a mixed media exhibit including rare photographs, original paintings, videos, films and memorabilia of the great Mexican painter Frida Kahlo. Personally, I like this woman's biography and art a lot. Kahlo's outpouring of intensely personal and highly original images in oil has attracted an avid worldwide following since her death in 1954. A friend of the Surrealists, an intimate of Trotsky-in-exile, an active participant in Mexico's most passionate period of cultural and political expression, an international figure with husband Diego Rivera; the life and art of Frida Kahlo continues to draw the interest of artists, feminists, historians and students of the cultural, artistic and political changes occurring in the early part of this century. There is an exhibit at GALERIA DE LA RAZA and different events in this series around the neighborhood from May 2nd through June 27th. Try to get to this one.

May seems to be the merry, merry month of M's: May Day, Cinco de Mayo, Mother's Day and Memorial Day. I wish all my neighbors much merriment in this delightful month of growth and flowering.

ETC.

Concert **Amabile** performs music from the Court of Versailles at Mission Dolores (16th and Dolores) on Saturday May 23rd at 8PM. Tickets at the door are \$10 general and \$8/students and seniors. Concert Amabile is an ensemble specializing in baroque chamber music played on authentic instruments.

The **Mothers' Tour for Peace** host a speaking engagement of Nicaraguan women, members of Mothers of the Heroes and Martyrs at Modern Times Books, 968 Valencia Street at 7:30 PM. On May 9th at the Mission Cultural Center (2868 Mission) the Mothers' Tour will sponsor a presentation and dance at 7:30 and there will be a Mothers' Day March beginning at 2PM out Harrison Park, 25th and Harrison.

Furious Feet II, a "vehicle to inform and inspire audiences and to affirm the progress being made nationally and internationally in the application of dance and theater to the major social issues of the day" as presented by the Dance Brigade takes place May 29th, 8 PM at Mission High School. Tickets are \$10 in advance (at Modern Times Bookstore) and \$12 at the door, seniors and people under 18 half-price. For information, call 648-3719.

Fleeting Images at Footwork Studio is an evening of modern dance by choreographers Anne Winton and Kristine Halverson at 3221 22nd Street on Friday, May 29 and Saturday, May 30 at 8:30 PM.

Anti-Films at A.T.A. Gallery, 992 Valencia... "L'Age d'Or" and "Dada" with champagne and music by "The Two Hats" (20th - 8:30), Peter Wollen in person presenting "Frida Kahlo & Tina Modotti" and "Amy!" (23rd - 9 PM), "Beat Girl" (23rd at midnight) Shirley Clarke's "The Cool World" (27th), Godard's "Les Carabiniers" (30th - 9PM), "Destroy All Monsters" with performance artists (30th at midnight), "Anarchism in America" with poetry by Peter Plate (June 3rd). 824-3890.

District Elections needs petitioners to gather signatures and help make San Francisco supervisors more responsive to the neighborhoods. 863-5498.

Bring Back Playland Initiative likewise needs folks. The public is invited to a petition party potluck brunch May 10th, 11 PM at the Giant Camera behind the Cliff House at the beach. Call 626-1371.

North Mission Association COMMUNITY MEETING

Tuesday, May 19th, 7:30 pm

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MISS GAY INT'L ROUND ONE



Photo credit: Fuminori Sato

Eva Davis, Miss California, has won the Miss Gay USA title. Esta Noche Bar sponsored the contest... one of the preliminaries leading up to the Miss Gay International Extravaganza at the Victoria Theatre in September.

"We're not drag queens, we're female impersonators," said Kelly Collins, an enthusiastic spectator. Drag queens, female impersonators... whatever... reports of the demise of this art form are premature. The crowd loved every minute.

Eight contestants, each representing a different part of the country, vied for the Miss USA contest. Elegant Joana Caron emceed the pageant. 16th Street favorite Ronnie La Madonna made a special appearance singing several songs. Will there ever be a drag show without a Barbara Streisand song?

Each contestant was judged on appearance in a swimsuit, evening gown and a costume representing their home state. In addition, each had to answer a randomly selected question.

What did the judges look for? "Someone who's showy but still able to be themselves." Well, all eight strutted and smiled. Besides Eva Davis, the other contestants were Mahogany Sanchez, Veronica Laurel, Michelle Kennedy, Lailani Suso, Chr'sty Marin Alba, Kathryn Albert and Sonia Mora.

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AL721

- by Misha Cohen, O.M.D., C.A.

One of the most recent breakthroughs in the treatment of AIDS/ARC is the development of a natural-based drug called AL721. AL721 is a lipid mixture which is very safe to use. The way it works in the body is that it removes cholesterol from the outer membranes of cells and possibly of viruses, increasing the fluidity of the cell membranes. The increased fluidity seems to make it more difficult for viruses to attach themselves to the receptor sites. When the AIDS virus infects a cell it must attach itself to a receptor site on the T-Helper cell, so this process inhibits the ability of the virus to infect the cell.

AL721 is made up of three lipids which are mixed in a 7:2:1 ration, which has a much stronger effect than other ratios. "AL" stands for Active Lipid and 721 for the ratio of lipids in the mixture. The three lipids, including neutral

lipids, phosphatidyl choline and phosphatidyl ethanolamine are extracted from egg yolks.

AL721 was developed at the Weizmann Institute of Science in Israel as a treatment for disease other than AIDS. However, tests have shown that AL721 is effective against the AIDS virus and most probably other lipid-coated viruses such as herpes, cytomegalovirus (CMV) and Epstein-Barr Virus (EBV).

Members of the AIDS Healing Alliance have taken on the job of securing egg yolk lecithin so that individuals in the United States might take advantage of using an exact replication of AL721. It is not the drug AL721 as that is a drug whose patent is owned by Praxis Pharmaceuticals in Beverly Hills, CA. However, the drug has very little chance of being licensed in the near future as there is opposition from forces within the U.S. government and much larger corporations who want to gain the lion's share of AIDS treatment drugs. We must not let this happen.

Those of us who are to see people be able to use inexpensive non-toxic drugs and substances must fight for that right. This is another case in which profit is before people and we must turn that situation around.

One way to begin to turn it around is by beginning to take control of our own treatments into our own hands. Let us support those who are distributing the egg yolk lecithin and begin to make our own version of the lecithin mixture. The egg yolk lecithin is not available yet, so the following is one approach to use until it is available.

The following formula makes use of a high-grade soy lecithin called PC-55 made by Twin Lab. All of the ingredients are natural substances and are not harmful. The only unwanted effect might be some natural diarrhea in the first 24 hours. If it is very strong, all use of the lecithin mixture should be discontinued. Also, it is important to consult a health practitioner when working on any program to heal oneself.

Combine five tablespoons of PC-55 and 6 to 12 tablespoons of water, then beat with a mixer. Add 6 tablespoons plus one teaspoon of extra virgin olive oil or melted butter. Beat together fully for 5 minutes. Divide this mixture into 10 doses, freezing individual dose for later use. It must be frozen as it spoils quickly at room temperature. Eat no fats for two hours before or after taking this mixture. Take this mixture first thing in the morning mixed with water, juice, or on a fat-free cracker or bread.

Thanks to John James for his outstanding research published in the San Francisco Sentinel on alternative treatments for AIDS and for his dedication in publishing the AIDS Treatment News. The information in this article is derived from his articles. Please write John S. James, P.O. Box 411256, San Francisco, CA 94141 or call him at (415) 282-0110 for more information.

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HARRY BRITT and THE MAYORS RACE

Harry Britt was the overwhelming choice of North Mission voters in the April 7th congressional primary election to fill the seat of the late Sala Burton.

Britt won 66% of the vote in 15 North Mission precincts. A distant second was Nancy Pelosi, who garnered 17% of the North Mission vote. Britt's vote is all the more impressive when one compares his vote total this year to the 1984 race for Supervisor. In that year Britt was first in the North Mission with 62% of the vote. In that race, people could vote for up to six candidates. This year, Britt topped his '84 percentage despite the fact that voters had to choose only one candidate.

Interviews with voters the last three weeks of the campaign indicated:

a) The voters know Harry Britt and they like him; they agree with his positions on rent control, Central America, gay rights, downtown development, etc. The only negatives for Britt in our voter interviews were his endorsement of Molinari for Mayor and what some described as his "shrill" attacks on Nancy Pelosi in his direct mail.

b) Pelosi was perceived as a clone of Dianne Feinstein. The dislike of Feinstein was expressed by over half of those interviewed. Britt's negative mail may have alienated some, but it seemed to do the trick for most voters. Those surveyed were aware of some or all of the following; Pelosi's million dollar war chest, her \$200,000 loan to her campaign, the Pelosis' record as landlords, her flipflop on contra aid and the U.S.S. Missouri, and her ties to real estate magnate Walter Shorenstein. One elderly voter remarked, "Here comes this person we've never heard of, out of nowhere, a socialite, no record, no experience."

c) Carol Ruth Silver's poor showing in her home district is perhaps not the deathknell that political insiders are saying. Voters interviewed showed little negative feelings toward Silver.

d) Very few North Mission voters have any opinions about Bill Maher and Doris Ward. They seemed to view both as part of that "large herd of politicians we see occasionally."

What about the race for Mayor this year? Those interviewed picked that perennial favorite, Mr. Undecided. Second was: "I think I'm for Art Agnos." Jack Molinari and Roger Boas received little backing. What of Jack Molinari? Frontrunner Molinari has to be a little worried. For two years, Molinari has pumped the flesh, raised large sums of money, and has mounted an effective publicity and constituent service operation through his supervisory staff. He had the field all to himself. Along comes Assemblyman Art Agnos who spurned the advice of many, including Harry Britt, to declare early. The shocker; an election day poll by Teichner and Associates that not only shows Molinari after two years of work still at 24%, but also shows Agnos at 21% in a virtual tie with Molinari. Through some form of osmosis, Agnos has gone a long way towards consolidating the liberal bloc in the city. Some questions on the Mayor's race:

a) Agnos can't hope to win with just the eastern part of the city. He has to venture out West of Twin Peaks; does he

know any street names out there? No. Leo McCarthy's blessing doesn't amount to many votes.

b) The Molinari camp must be debating: Should we do an Alan Cranston and bash Agnos before he is well known? Is Art the creation of a certain Sacramento real estate magnate and Willie Brown; one can see the mail flowing.

c) Don't count Roger Boas out, particularly if the newspapers support him. The Chronicle, Examiner and the Progress are the most important bloc for conservative politics in San Francisco. Their support is worth 10,000 votes alone, and in a large undecided race their support could be worth 20,000 votes. Will the powerful media barons go after Agnos the way they went after Britt?

d) The gay male vote will probably split right down the middle between Agnos and Molinari. The more leftist lesbian vote will go to Agnos. Will the injury count among gay politicians skirmishing over the mayor's race exceed a 5 digit number? The answer - Yes.

e) Is there a "tenant vote"? This will prove whether the activists have the troops to get out the vote and the message.

f) Molinari and Boas will have the big bucks from downtown and the real estate industry. Has their dominance of the big money field kept Louise Renne out of the race? Yes, say the insiders.

g) Which candidate will have the best direct mail? Molinari will. Schlackman and Co. will have many liberal-moderate voters confused when they get through with them, and conservative voters oozing with righteous indignation.

h) Is there any possibility for enlightenment after hearing a speech by Agnos or Molinari? No.

What does the North Mission News hope for? A dirty, in-the-gutter campaign. The spectacle of a bitter political campaign is almost as good as a September pennant race.

	N. Mission Vote	Pct.	City Pct.
Britt	1807	66%	32%
Pelosi	468	17%	36%
Maher	101	4%	14%
Ward	78	3%	6%
Silver	57	2%	2%
Others	241	8%	10%
Turnout:		39%	39%

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by Nick Hornsfelt

THE FINAL MOVE

I'm satisfied with just a cottage below;
a little silver and a little gold;
but in that city
where the ransomed will shine;
I want a gold one
that's silver lined!!!

(No. 45 - Assembly of God Hymnal)

Some seventeen years ago, in my more idealistic youth, I spent a year at a small Assemblies of God school in Pennsylvania. The intensive study of scripture from a fundamentalist viewpoint helped to broaden the scope of my understanding of American philosophy. Close interaction with fundamentalists themselves left me cynical and suspicious.

At Easter time we had a retired president from one of the larger Assembly colleges come to give us a week of special lectures. One lecture stuck with me over the years.

He was relating some of the shocking activities of past students and present shepherds of the church. These kids made Jim and Tammy look like Ozzie and Harriet.

He told of a parents' visitation when, after morning service, one of the mothers approached him "Oh Pastor, how wonderful it must be for you to be here teaching the cream of the Assemblies' youth!" she gleamed.

He took her hand and sorrowfully replied "Dear lady, if this is the cream, I fear the milk must be rotten!"

The story has come to mind over and over through the past few months. If TV evangelists reflect the taste of American Christianity, what is the state of spirituality in this country?

If the White House staff, our best managers, thwart the will of the people and the laws of Congress to fund dirty little wars, who do we look to to defend Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness? The Washington Post? National Enquirer? North Mission News?

And speaking of "getting a little", if the Marines are America's best example of manhood why do they have to trade embassy secrets for sex, what ever happened to Hershey Bars and nylon stockings?

Finally, if Dianne Feinstein bans the sale of beer in the stands at Giants' games, who cares where the hell they build the new stadium!!!

It's enough to get a person depressed. Is there hope? Is there a voice crying truth in the wilderness (other than on this page, I mean)? In this hour of uncertainty when times are dark and fear grips the heart, are our elected officials there to calm us, to cheer us on and guide us?

No.

Everyone down at City Hall is so fired up to get

themselves jobs in Washington you would think San Francisco was Devil's Island. For over two months we watched four of eleven Supervisors claiming they have no major differences while they cut at each other's throats with personal ambition. Should there be surprise that they lost the City's seat in Congress to "an unknown"? All along the claim has been that Nancy Pelosi had big money behind her. Sour grapes!

Britt, Ward, Maher and Silver have close to ten years apiece on the Board. We are left wondering why, during those long years as Supervisors, one of them hasn't amassed enough political clout in this city to overshadow the other three, never mind the rich but unknown Pelosi. Yes, Nancy had big endorsements and big money but had she had a bigger opponent there might have been more of a race.

Granted, if Ward, Maher and Silver had thrown their support to Britt he would be on his way to Washington now, but they didn't and he isn't, and that's politics. Silver reportedly had some old campaign debts to pay off so she campaigned this time around to raise funds, Maher needs to be seen as a political entity for future races and Ward needs to convince supporters that she is still an effective force for minorities.

It is very hard to believe Ward, Maher and Silver really thought they had a chance of winning when it came down to the last weeks, if ever. Yet, they went on to certain defeat for themselves and Harry, having reasons known best only to them. We get some idea of how well the Board must work together on City business when we see Sups. stay in a race knowing they will cancel out each others' chances of victory and give the job to the supposedly inept "outsider". Suicide, even political suicide, is never attractive and almost always stupid and self indulgent.

Harry, with all his eggs in one sling, as it were, had to work like hell to get the gay community behind him. Unfortunately for Harry, the gay community alone is not enough to win something this big. For that matter, there is no one group in the city that alone can win an election of this scope. Supervisors should have the political savvy to know that.

Meanwhile Ms. Pelosi sent out mailings to Republicans in order to glean every last vote she could raise. This may be her first starring role as a vote getter but she has been playing big stakes hard-ball for longer than our hometown team and she does it better. How will she play in Washington? She'll be a smash.

Back to the oft mentioned claim that the election was bought; that kind of talk degrades every voter in San Francisco. If we had one Supervisor, or any politician for that matter who, in the course of their political career, had gained the broad-based respect of the voters, Nancy Pelosi could have handed out \$50 bills at the polls and would have lost. The voters, when given a choice, chose an "unknown" for the important post of Congresswoman over those they have had many years to observe at close range. Does anyone smell the coffee?

After a year of Board-watching, I have found it an entrenched club of splintered special interests with each Supervisor's personal interest first and foremost on his or her list. There may be one or possibly two members who will go on to play a larger political role, but for the most part, they think far more highly of themselves than the rest of us think of them. If they insist on continuing to run for higher office they may begin to see what the voters do.

And now I take leave of you all for a little while. I have had my fill of the cream of our local political crop and I am feeling just a little ill. I need a rest (you try covering Board high-jinks for 14 columns). I am going to turn my writing talents to more worthy subject matter, I'm writing ads for a combination septic tank - hat brim cleaning company called Super-Visor-Rooter (I told you I needed a rest!!!!). So, until I can face another Board Games or, better yet, another Board, good bye and, more importantly, good luck!

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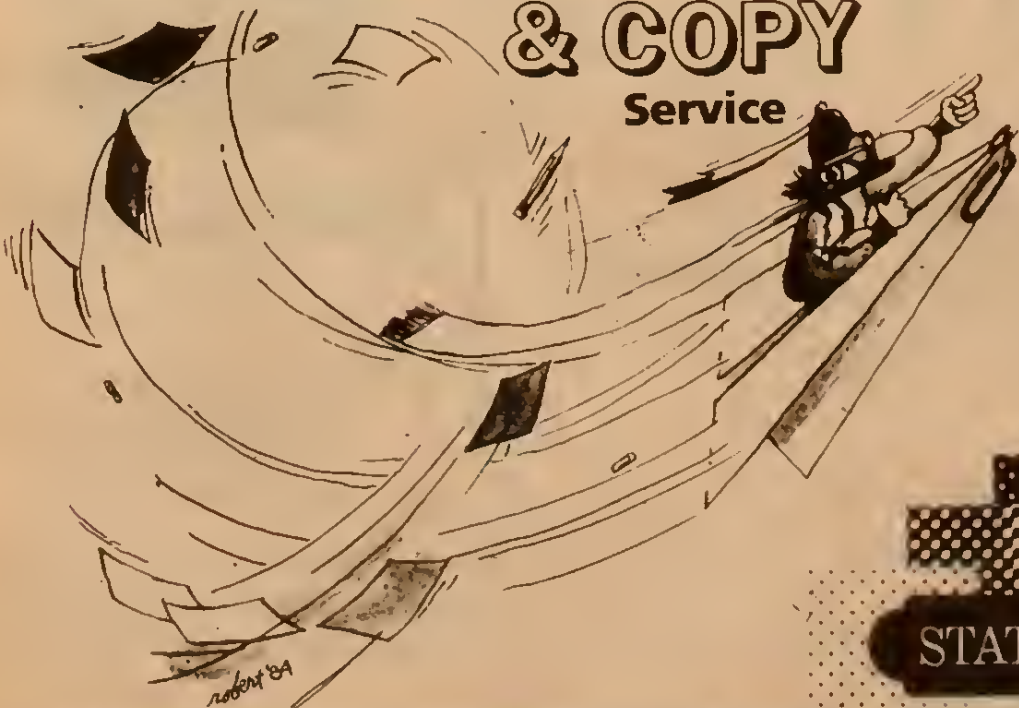
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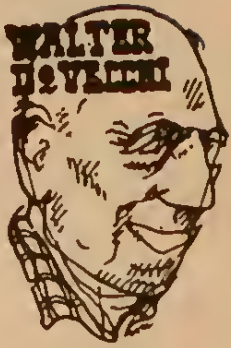
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A SMILING MAYOR

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST

You may remember that last month I was talking about the young boy who grew up in the Mission District and became, what we used to call, a "self made man". I had so much to say about this man that my Ghost writer, Bill Hopkins, discovered that the story of James Rolph Jr. would have to be told in two parts. So, here goes the part we remember so well: Rolph, as he was in public life.

When Jim Rolph was yet a boy he began to show the leadership and organizational abilities that would eventually carry him to the top of the heap. His younger brothers, William, George and Tom, recognized him as a family leader, even when they were very small. The boys, here in the Mission, that he played with always remembered him as the one who organized their games and sports. So, it's no wonder that he should step forward in a time of need and lead his city through one of its most important periods of growth.

Being fully occupied with his ships and shipping business, plus his banking interests here in the Mission, he hesitated when asked to run for Mayor in 1909. But, in 1911 when he was again asked to throw his hat in the ring he decided that the city needed some direction through her final years of reconstruction. He won the election easily and took office on January 8, 1912 to start his first 4 year term. Previously, San Francisco mayors had been serving 2 year terms, but an amendment to the city charter changed all that, so Rolph was the first four-year mayor.

There used to be a saying: "You can take the boy out of the Mission, but you can't take the Mission out of the boy." This might have applied to Jim Rolph except that he never left the Mission. Even as he rose to become a reasonably successful capitalist, he and his wife, Annie, always kept their home here at 288 San Jose Avenue, near 30th Street. Through his 19 years as Mayor and almost 4 years as Governor of California (until his death), he never lost touch with the working people of this city. We were his friends; he was always one of us!

I just remembered the story of how, during the 1911 election campaign, Rolph's opponent, P. H. (Pinhead) McCarthy, tried to upset his mass meeting in a hall over in Sunnyside by jamming the building and its entrances with McCarthy supporters. When Rolph and his assistant, Tim Reardon, drove up they saw that the hall had been blocked and there seemed to be no way for them to get into the building. A nine year old boy, seeing their dilemma, asked them if his father's bear could help. They smiled, patted him on the head, and returned to the problem at hand. In a few minutes the boy came back with a 6 foot bear on a chain and headed for the door. Needless to say, the crowd scattered and a wide avenue opened immediately for Rolph and his followers and Rudy Eichenbaum and his bear became part of the Rolph history.

Eichenbaum became, in later life, a prominent tobacco dealer and cigar importer and, of course, a long time friend of the man that everyone called "Sunny Jim". Rolph was not only a flamboyant campaigner, he went on, through all his years in office, to be a flashy Mayor. He loved to greet prominent people when they arrived in his city. The busy pattern of the city might be interrupted any time by the sirens of police motorcycles blazing a trail (like Rudy's bear) up Market Street for the mayor as he personally escorted dignitaries to his City Hall in order to show off this beautiful building and present them with a "Key to the City".

And parades? He loved parades. We had any number of spectacular shows moving up Market Street during the "Sunny Jim" years. He would pin a deputy sheriff's star on anyone who had a horse to ride and lad them, often 100 strong, at the head of these lavish demonstrations which always ran from the Ferry Building, up Market to the City Hall. Bleachers would be set up by the Main Library so that people could see the

show as it passed into the Civic Center. Having moved up Fulton Street (now United Nations Plaza), they would turn around the library and pass the first reviewing stand in front of the State Building on McAllister, and then turn down Polk by the main reviewing stand at City Hall. Here, the Mayor and his posse would park their horses and watch the rest of the parade go by.

James Rolph was, indeed, an upbeat Mayor. His official song was "Smiles"; "There are smiles that make you happy... ". remember?

Any San Francisco mayor since the "Rolph Age" will be quick to admit that James Rolph Jr. was the greatest Mayor we ever had; and probably ever will have! He coined the phrase: "San Francisco is the city that knows how" and it certainly was apropos in his time.

But, much of the credit for his accomplishments should go to his skill at seeking advice and ability to follow up on opinions given by his circle of old friends, many of whom hailed from the Mission, who he called his "Kitchen Cabinet" and the newspapers referred to as his "Machine". The ones I can remember best are Matt I. Sullivan, the McNab brothers: Gavin and John, Theodore Roche, Eustace Cullinan and Father D. O. Crowley. Sullivan, a 21st Street neighbor, went on to become Chief Justice of the California Supreme Court and Rolph named Judge Roche to head the State Police Commission. Father Crowley, remembered for his good work in the Youth Directory up on 19th and Church Streets, played an important part in the founding of the South of Market Boys Club and had a playground over there named after him.

When Rolph became Mayor, he inherited the finest City Engineer a city ever had. He was Michael Maurice O'Shaughnessy. Some time before the Rolph administration O'Shaughnessy had laid plans for a Municipal Railway and brought them to a conclusion in 1912. In December of that year the new Mayor drove the first new streetcar out of the new barn at Presidio Avenue and Geary. As far back as the Phelan years, O'Shaughnessy was laying plans for our hetch hetchy water system which he saw to conclusion in the 1930's. He created many important projects such as the Stockton Street, Twin Peaks and Duboce Tunnels. He designed our unique "bird cage" traffic signals and our beloved little "E" streetcar; the hill-climber that ran from the Presidio, over Union, down Columbus and through

the wholesale produce district to the Ferry Building. He was a great help to Rolph, especially during the building of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in 1915. In his final years, he gets credit for the laying out of runways and building of hangars at Mills Field (now San Francisco International Airport). M. M. O'Shaughnessy, working in the smooth administrations of James Rolph, accomplished much and, because of him, Rolph is remembered as a progressive mayor.

In January 1911, Rolph took office of Governor of California and, in his first two years, he appointed several of his old friends to state positions. Off-hand, I can think of a couple of them: Dr. Joseph Toner, who had a practice at 16th and Guerrero, was named to head the state mental institutions and Rolph appointed his old-time Market Street barber to run the office of the State Board of Barber Examiners.

Unfortunately, in his third year in Sacramento, Rolph suffered several heart attacks. His old friends, realizing that his days were numbered, went to work immediately on a project that would make him happy and comfortable in his last days. They carefully removed the cabin from his old flagship, the Annie M. Reid (named for his wife), and set it up on his little Riverside Ranch, down near Stanford in Portola Valley. They called it the "Surprise Cottage" because, when he was brought into it, he found all of the furniture, books and games that had given him pleasure on vacations he had spent aboard the ship.

And it was here, a short time later, that he died. In my long lifetime, I can't remember anyone who was mourned as deeply as James Rolph Jr.

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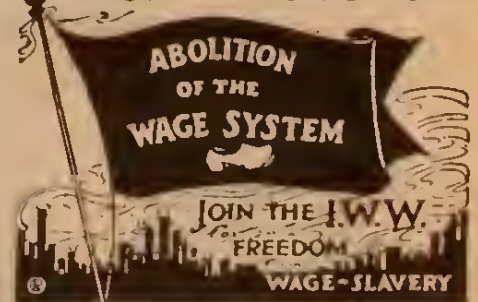


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TENANT TIMES

Vol. 8 No. 4 *Newsletter of the San Francisco Tenants Union* May/June 1987

Countdown to Eviction: 10 Years Ago at The International Hotel

by Jess Grant

The following is a chronology of events culled from the pages of the San Francisco Chronicle. They cover the period from January to August, 1977, showing the climax to what had been nearly a decade of struggle for the tenants of the International Hotel. Exhibiting all the signs of a classic Greek tragedy, including a cast of heroes, traitors, and buffoons, the story of those last few months at the I-Hotel serve as inspiration, amusement, and hard-earned experience to tenant activists everywhere.

Jan. 8 A Sheriff's convoy of 6 cars and 20 deputies is met by 300 demonstrators. Deputy James Denmore (6'4", 245 lb.) bulls his way through the crowd to post an eviction notice on the front door of the hotel. It is immediately torn down. Proper service of notice is questioned.

Jan. 9 The 20-unit Victoria Building next door to the I-Hotel says it too will fight an eviction by landlord-in-common Four Seas Corporation.

Jan. 11 Sheriff Richard Hongisto and Undersheriff James Denman are convicted of contempt of court for failing to comply with the court-ordered eviction of the I-Hotel tenants. They are sentenced to 5 days in jail and a \$500 fine, but are given a 10-day stay to allow for appeal. Perhaps most insulting to Hongisto is Judge Benson's order that he do his time in a San Mateo jail, rather than one of his own jails here in the City. Hongisto fumes "the judge is either a hypocrite or a liar when he suggests I wouldn't be safe in my own jail." Then he adds, more generally, "laws in our society are written to protect people with property and money." The Sheriff's mother, Gladys, sticks up for her son and says "I thought the judge was biased."

The judge, on the other hand, thinks he's just doing his job. "If the people cannot be assured of the ability of the courts to enforce its lawful orders and secure for them their adjudicated rights, then there is no reason for the people to support their courts or accept the principle that peaceful (sic) remedies are the true resort for the correction of wrongs." Hongisto and Denman meanwhile contend that they had neither the man-power or the training to carry out an eviction where heavy resistance was expected.

Jan. 12 Hongisto personally nails a 2-inch thick wad of eviction notices to the main door of the hotel. He vows to carry out the eviction, but claims to be sympathetic to the tenants plight.

Jan. 13 2,500 demonstrators gather at the Jackson and Kearney St. hotel to show their support. Ness Aquino, owner of the Mabuhay Restaurant located downstairs in the I-Hotel building, declares, "We are part of the hotel. We are part of the struggle. We are legally trespassing after 5p.m. today. But we have not made a move to pack anything yet. We are waiting."

Jan. 15 Hongisto and Denman allowed 10 more days for appeal.

Jan. 16 San Francisco Board of Supervisors President Quentin Kopp asks City Attorney Thomas O'Connor for an opinion on whether Hongisto can be fired for his contempt conviction. O'Connor's reply, "Not likely, because it is not a felony involving moral turpitude."

Jan. 18 Judge Ira Brown stays his own eviction order after learning that an eviction attempt would (it was claimed) lead to bloodshed. Police Chief Charles Gains claims that automatic weapons and gasoline have been seen at the I-Hotel. The tenants deny the charges. A Four Seas attorney says "Granting this stay may give the appearance this court is reacting to terrorism." The I-Hotel tenants charge Hongisto and Gains with "conscious perjury" and open the hotel to reporters. Says Emil de Guzman "We are organized around an appeal for mass support, not military warfare." Reverend Cecil Williams says he's heard no talk of violence in previous planning meetings.

Jan. 23 The Alice B. Toklas Democratic Club supports Hongisto's "courageous and humanitarian actions." A spokesperson says "The law must be tempered with mercy. If the courts are reluctant to do this, it behooves our elected officials to do so."

Jan. 28 Another stay in Hongisto's jail term.

Feb. 4 And another stay in the Hongisto/Denman case.

Feb. 7 More Chinatown hotels begin organizing tenants unions and fighting for their rights.



Photo by Chris Huie

Tenants of the I-Hotel are prevented by police from returning to their home.

Feb. 10 Hongisto's jail stayed AGAIN.

Feb. 25 Hongisto's attorney files an 89-page Writ of Habeas Corpus. Its main points are: The Sheriff's Department is understaffed and inadequately trained; a jail break might take place if Deputies were diverted to the eviction; bloodshed might happen; and the eviction was unnecessary because of the Housing Authority's bid to buy the building.

(The story disappears from the Chronicle for the month of March.)

April 1 Court of Appeal denies a hearing to Hongisto.

April 9 Hongisto is granted his sixth stay. This one is signed by Chief Justice Rose Bird.

April 29 Hongisto announces that he'll turn himself in to the San Mateo City jail in Redwood City the next morning. "I expect routine treatment just like any other prisoner." He's the fourth U.S. Sheriff to serve time while in office.

(For the next week, the Chronicle runs cute human interest pieces about Hongisto in jail—reading philosophy, watching TV, or complaining about the lights which stay on all night.)

May 25 Teamster leader Jack Goldberger announces his support for the I-Hotel tenants.

May 28 The Housing Authority's bid to buy the building is tossed out of Superior Court on the grounds that it is "patently unconstitutional."

June 4 A fifth eviction order is issued.

June 7 Hongisto vows he will evict tenants. Though he ignored earlier orders to evict due to staffing and training problems, he now feels that his office is equal to the task.

June 8 A squad of 14 deputies arrives to post more eviction notices, this time throughout the building on each door. Donald Austin, a retired longshoreman, says "They'll have to carry me out. It's a matter of belief and principle. A person who has worked all his life and paid his taxes shouldn't be tossed out in the street." Bill Lee of Asian Community Center says "The sheriff went to jail as a token effort to win political support for himself. Now he says it's his job as Sheriff to evict us. Well, it's our job to resist."

June 11 Mayor Moscone says the City will try to block the eviction, but emphasizes that no official "would or could defy a court order."

June 12 Tenants plan for the siege. They have a telephone tree for quick response alerts, door barricades, and hall monitors, as well as medical, legal, and publicity teams.

June 16 Another stay of eviction is granted until the Housing Authority has its appeal heard.

June 21 Tenants say they can't pay the \$1.3 million that it would cost to acquire the building through the City-sponsored plan of the Housing Authority. Moscone makes it clear that the City will not pick up the tab, either.

July 10 An opinion piece in the Examiner trivializes the tenant struggle. "One can sympathize with the tenants. Uprooting at no time in life is pleasant. It is

particularly depressing in the golden years. But... emotions and sentimentality must yield on occasion to realism and law and order."

July 12 Moscone charges that the tenants are trying to embarrass him politically.

July 13 The State Supreme Court halts the eviction again.

July 29 The State Supreme Court lifts the ban on the eviction. Rose Bird and Stanley Mosk dissent.

July 30 A Chronicle opinion piece gloats "The court completely vindicates the right of the owners of the hotel to have their property back. If that requires the physical eviction of a small group of tenants who have unlawfully detained it for many months with radical tactics of browbeating... then let them suffer the physical eviction. We believe that the people of S.F. who pay their taxes and pay their rent are good and sick of the militant, arrogant leaders of the I-Hotel resistance movement. This sorry band of sloganeering populists has been striking publicity poses until we've all had it up to here."

Aug. 1 Columnist Abe Melinkoff writes "Raise a symbol that can attract 100 dedicated people and some politician is sure to climb aboard." He also shows the correlation between all the political grandstanding and August 2nd's election. "By Friday the votes will have been counted and the Sheriff can go about his eviction duties. The mayor is expected to be in Hawaii resting from his campaign chores."

Aug. 2 7 tents are erected on the sidewalk in front of the I-Hotel. Within an hour, 9 cops in riot gear have torn down this "Tent City Moscone."

Aug. 3 Undersheriff James Denman says "I see elements of a class struggle here. Here I am, a middle-class person, evicting poor people for the benefit of Four Seas, a wealthy corporation. It's a property rights versus human rights issue, and poor people don't have any property... (they're) totally at the mercy of the property owner. And the judges who are calling the shots, most of them own property too. It became clear to me that the issue stopped being what is reasonable and right under the circumstances and became mere authority. I don't think the building itself is terribly important. But we are evicting a community and destroying a symbol. It's a profane thing to do. It's a sacrilegious."

Aug. 4 Reporter Katy Butler writes from inside the hotel. "The reality of the siege became apparent at 10:30 when supporters watching the Sheriff's office at City Hall noticed late lights burning and platoons of vehicles lining up. A Red Alert was sounded. Shortly before 3a.m. police blocked off Kearney St. between Washington and Jackson. Police riot squads, wearing jumpsuits and helmets with face masks, moved into position for the assault with their black riot sticks held at the ready like bayoneted rifles."

continued, page 2



Photo by Bob Hsiung

"Then the horse patrol moved out and lunged into the screaming mob in front of the entrance..."

Countdown to Eviction:

10 Years Ago at The International Hotel

"Nearby a squad of 11 horse patrolmen unlimbered their nightsticks and soothed their prancing mounts while demonstrators standing 12 deep in front of the hotel locked arms and braced for the assault. at 3:15, a Fire Dept. hook and ladder truck suddenly appeared. Up went an aerial ladder to the roof of the 3-story hotel and a dozen police quickly gained the rooftop while defenders futilely tried to push the ladder away from the roof."

"Then the horse patrol moved out and lunged into the screaming mob in front of the main entrance to the hotel. Some of the demonstrators scattered before the horses, but others stood firm and tried to pull the police off their mounts. The horse police responded by slashing and jabbing with their nightsticks, but they were unable to fight their way through to the hotel entrance. As the horse police withdrew, 3 waves of riot police attacked on foot. Each was repulsed."

"After the third skirmish failed, Chief Gains ordered his men to hold back. During this lull in the fighting, leaders of the demonstrators suddenly began shouting through their bullhorns 'move out, move out... move towards Jackson St.' As the defenders began moving from the entrance at about 4:30, the Sheriffs began entering the building. Minutes later, the first of perhaps 100 young defenders inside the building was dragged out by deputies. The last of the demonstrators was finally dragged from the hotel at 7:24 a.m. By 8:30 a P.G.&E. crew had arrived to shut the hotel's power and gas lines. The eviction was complete."

Let's Do It Again... With Spirit!

by Jim Faye

It must be Spring again. As predictable as the first blossoms or the crack of a baseball bat, the annual attack on rent control has hit Sacramento. This season, a new and stronger spokesman has been wound up to carry the Realtors' bill through the State Senate. His name is John Garamendi, a Senator from Stockton. His version of last year's "Costa bill" is popularly known as the "Garamendi bill," but its' real name is S.B. 1646. It looks, tastes and smells like its' late kin, which died a quiet death last fall after a long illness.

S.B. 1646 could destroy rent control...therefore, renters must organize NOW to put it out of its misery.

The Garamendi bill, if passed by the Senate Judiciary Committee would do the following:

- (1) Permanently exempt all new construction from rent control;
- (2) Exempt all rented single family homes and condominiums from rent control;
- (3) Prohibit San Francisco and all other communities in the state from legislating Vacancy Control.

Not only does the Garamendi bill threaten the affordable housing of millions of renters in California but it sets a dangerous precedent of stripping local governments from legislating unique solutions to local problems. San Franciscans should determine what is needed for San Francisco; likewise, Stocktonites are better able to know what is good for Stockton.

Although renters across California have shown their opposition to this assault on our rights many times

before, it is clear that the real estate/development lobby is hoping to wear us down by bringing this bill to us each year. WE CANNOT BECOME APATHETIC.

LETTERS OPPOSING S.B. 1646 (and its brethren) MUST BE SENT TODAY. Garamendi and his clients want to rush this bill through before the word gets out among the tenants and opposition builds. Send copies of your letter to Senator John Garamendi and the following members of the Senate Judiciary Committee: Art Torres, Diane Watson, Ed Davis, Robert Presely, H.L. Richardson, Barry Keene, John Doolittle, Nick Petris, Bill Lockyer and Milton Marks. Address all of these Senators to STATE CAPITOL, SACRAMENTO, CA 95814. Please send a copy to the SFTU. Postage and copying will probably cost you about \$3.00. It will be money spent to defend your home. You might save yourself thousands of dollars in future rent. Do it with spirit! KILL S.B. 1646 TODAY!

Paying the Hangman: Credit Checks and Court Record Searches

by Jess Grant

Credit checks by landlords are an ordinary part of househunting for most tenants. But what does our fee get us, and how useful is the credit information to the landlord who receives it?

What we end up paying for, of course, is the invasion of our own privacy. Besides running straight credit checks, some landlord-consulting firms are now checking court records for the names of tenants who have been involved in eviction cases. Thus, even

if you fought and won against a wrongful eviction, you could be blacklisted and possibly denied housing for having defended yourself. The information provided by one such company, Business Intelligence Services (BIS) of Concord, doesn't even include the disposition of such lawsuits (who won), or what the merits of a case were.

BIS uses scare tactics to get landlords to sign up with them. In a letter to landlords from BIS obtained by the SFTU, they begin with a summary of 2 Bay Area court records. "The tenant not only failed to pay rent for the past month, but has refused to allow the owner to inspect the premises. At least 5 other persons are wrongfully occupying the apartment... The police have been called on four occasions to quell tenant disturbances, and the landlord believes the

tenant has committed acts of waste to the interior of the dwelling. The tenant has threatened the owner with a knife." Then they run down their sales pitch, and end with a xeroxed clipping of an article from the Chronicle "S.F. Landlord Slain in Rent Fight."

We decided to see just how effective these record searches were. So we mailed off the name of one of our most litigious tenant activists to see if any of her lawsuits would appear in the BIS dossier. Although her shaky credit status came to light, to our amusement none of her legal actions against landlords showed up! Just like the U.S. taxpayers who have paid for a tank (the Bradley) that doesn't work, tenants get stuck shouldering the cost of being discriminated against, and ineffectually at that. BIS may have discovered the greatest rip-off scam since insurance.



"Then, gentlemen, it is the consensus of this meeting that we say nothing, do nothing, and hope it all blows over before our next meeting."

C. Barsootti

For Members: A Calendar of Events

City-Wide Tenant Picnic, Sunday, May 17, noon to 3, Dolores Park.

Come eat food and play games in the park with other tenants from Old St. Mary's Housing Committee and St. Peter's Housing, as well as your fellow Tenant Union members. Cups, plates, and barbecue briquets will be provided, but food will be on a potluck basis.

There will be live music, volleyball, and serious networking taking place, so don't be so rash as to miss this one-time only event. These 3 housing organizations are natural allies in the fight for tenants rights, yet have rarely come together for informal events like this picnic. Let's make an impressive showing.

International Hotel Anniversary Committee Meeting, Thursday, May 28, 7p.m., 558 Capp St.

This committee is coordinating a variety of projects meant to commemorate the 10-year anniversary of the I-Hotel eviction.

SFTU Business Committee Meeting, Monday, June 1, 5:30p.m., 558 Capp St.

All members are welcome at this monthly affair. This is a decision-making body with the task of running the SFTU.

SFTU General Membership Meeting, being planned for late July.

Please let us know what form you'd like to see this take, and what agenda items you think are important.

Call the office for times and dates of meetings for the Legislative, Organizing, and Newsletter Committees.

NEW HOURS

Beginning Saturday, May 9, the Tenants Union will be open on weekends as well as during the week. Our new hours will be Monday, 10 to 9, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, 10 to 7, and Friday and Saturday, 10 to 1:30.

NEW DIRECT CONFLICT RESOLUTION NUMBER

For ten years, Community Boards has helped San Francisco resolve all kinds of conflicts, with neighbors, roommates, family, landlords, and tenants.

Now Community Boards announces a new service to help resolve your conflict more quickly, a *direct phone number, 239-6100*. Call this number for free, fast, effective relief for your disputes.

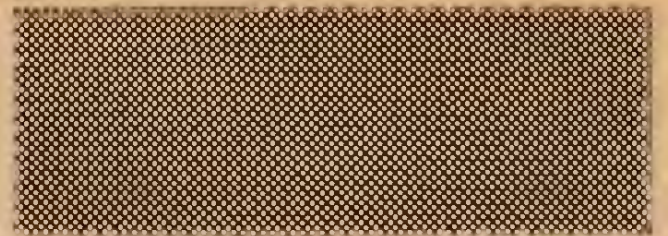


Photo by Bob Hsiang

Demolition of the I-Hotel in progress-- looking toward Jackson on Kearney St.

CONTRIBUTORS

Contributors to this edition of the *Tenant Times* are Jim Faye, Martha Sanger, Chris Huie, Bob Hsiang, Daniel Summaria, and Jess Grant. Editing and layout by Jess Grant. Typesetting by Typesetting Etc. All contributions, both written and graphic, are gladly accepted. Mail correspondence to SFTU, 558 Capp St., S.F., CA 94110.



JOIN THE SFTU

If you wish to join the TU, please fill out the form below and mail it in with a check or money order to the SFTU at 558 Capp Street, S.F., CA, 94110. When we receive your application, we'll send you the members-only phone number and our Handbook.

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone: (H) _____
(W) _____

Zip Code: _____

Landlord's Name: _____

Units in Bldg.: _____

Bedrooms in Unit: _____

Current Rent: _____

- ☐ \$15 Low Income
☐ \$25 Regular
☐ \$35 Household
☐ \$55 Sustainer

I'd like to volunteer also:

- ☐ Tenant Counseling
☐ Newsletter
☐ Legislative Work
☐ Organizing
☐ Fundraising
☐ Office work
☐ Outreach
☐ Direct Action

EVICCTIONS: The Sheriff's Badge of Shame

Opinion by Jess Grant

At a time when our city is gripped by a crisis of homelessness, what thin moral pretense can possibly be used to justify evictions? The Sheriff's Department, as the ultimate enforcer of court-ordered evictions, must be stripped of their pious and hypocritical image as reluctant but obedient civil servants. Each individual (and that includes every Sheriff's deputy) must weigh the effect of their actions against the dictates of their conscience. In the case of the San Francisco Sheriff's Department, the scale is tipping the wrong way—duty has won out over conscience.

In all fairness, not every eviction results in homelessness. Many tenants, certainly, are able to find new housing, though it will likely cost much more than they're used to paying. But every tenant faced with eviction must confront the spectre of POTENTIAL homelessness, and in so doing, acknowledge their own status as second-class citizens in a propertarian society.

What the tenants of San Francisco need is a candidate for Sheriff who is willing to take the reasonable, if radical, position that eviction itself is a crime. In an earlier editorial I played with the idea of outlawing evictions, and speculated on the repercussions that such a law might have. One method of bypassing this improbable legislative approach would be to elect a Sheriff who refused to enforce evictions.

When former Sheriff Richard Hongisto failed repeatedly to comply with a court order to evict the tenants of the International Hotel, he was convicted of contempt of court and sentenced to five days in jail and a \$500 fine. Board of Supervisors President Quentin Kopp, who was outraged by Hongisto's position, asked the City Attorney for an opinion on whether Hongisto could be removed from office on the basis of this conviction. The City Attorney said probably not, because the crime was a misdemeanor, not a felony, and didn't involve "moral turpitude."

It would have been interesting to see what happened had Hongisto stuck to his guns. He didn't of course—he eventually backed down and led the pre-dawn assault on the elderly residents of the I-Hotel and their supporters. Though Hongisto would like us now to believe that his non-compliance was a matter of principle, the reasons he gave at the time were considerably



Photo by Chris Hume

San Francisco Sheriffs doing their job-- while tenants of the I-Hotel do theirs.

less heroic. He claimed that his department lacked the manpower and training to carry out the eviction, given the magnitude of resistance expected. His blatant political opportunism has largely been forgotten in the ensuing decade, to the point that some liberals now perceive him as a champion of the I-Hotel struggle.

Hongisto has done well for himself since then, managing not only to remain in public office with the blessings of the liberal establishment, but also to acquire real estate holdings conservatively valued at \$1.4 million. He owns over 30 rental units in the City, and for this reason has been able to avoid taking a stand on issues like vacancy control, citing a conflict of interest. His true class allegiance, however, is all too clear.

Current Sheriff Michael Hennessey follows in the tradition of Hongisto. Masking the brutal reality of eviction with liberal trappings like the Sheriff's Eviction Assistance Project, Mr. Hennessey has so far evaded responsibility for his complicity in perpetuating the homeless crisis. Liberals rally to his defense, pointing to his unique position among law enforcement officials of not wanting to build more jails. He will pro-

bably be challenged from the political right in this Fall's election for taking that stand, as Bird-bashers take him to task for being "soft on crime."

But he also needs to be challenged from the left for his role in protecting property rights at the expense of human rights. City officials give lip service to helping the homeless, yet look the other way when the Sheriff goes about his job of forcibly removing people from their homes. This is the unavoidable contradiction of liberal politics. It is ultimately an indefensible position, for one cannot condemn poverty and injustice while simultaneously supporting the legal institutions that enforce it. For every bitter pill, a sugar coating; for every iron fist, a velvet glove; and for every right-wing capitalist, a smooth-talking Democrat.

Let's turn the tables this Fall and put Sheriff Michael Hennessey on trial for the crime of eviction. The terms of debate must be pushed to the left in this campaign—the real issue is not "law and order," but the Sheriff's role as hired thug for the rich and powerful. Let's elect a Sheriff who, for a change, cares more about tenants than the future of their political career.

As the Walls Came Tumbling Down... The Past Begets the Future

Opinion by Jim Faye

It has now been eight years since San Francisco tenants challenged the powers-that-be and first won rent control. During this time the median rent for a vacant apartment has doubled from \$455 to \$900. An estimated 70,000 households have been evicted from their homes. The median price to purchase a house in this city is now \$187,500. Approximately 10,000 people are homeless.

Not only has our rent control law failed to prevent these obscene numbers from mounting, it has been a principal factor in escalating our housing costs. San Francisco has continued its kamikaze-like descent into becoming a 21st century urban serfdom where the value of human life is measured by one's wealth and status.

The ease with which a landlord can remove a renter in order to increase the rent (and the value of the real estate) has become legendary. The tales are well known. The effect on the psyche of the dispossessed less so.

For eight long years, the SFTU and numerous other groups which advocate for affordable housing have been clamoring for an end to the Vacancy Decontrol provision in the law. Twice, the Board of Supervisors have passed amendments to limit rent increases on vacant units. Both times, in 1980 and in 1984, Mayor Feinstein vigorously vetoed the futures of thousands of San Francisco families. The principal tenant groups, including the SFTU, Old St. Mary's Housing Committee, and the Affordable Housing Alliance, (and since 1983) under the umbrella of the San Francisco Housing and Tenants Council, stood idly by, unprepared to take the next logical step—an initiative to impose Vacancy Control by a vote of the people.

Why has this been the case? For what reasons would the San Francisco tenants movement defer the obvious decision to go directly to its own constituency in order to strengthen our rights? Why did we wait so long to revolt?

In The Mean Time . . . We Behaved Ourselves Like Ladies and Gentlemen . . .

The simplest answer may be summarized as follows: the leadership has been afraid to trust the tenants of the city. Unreasonably fearful of losing a vote at the ballot box on this issue, we relied on the grace and goodwill of the politicians at City Hall to save us. But our "friends" are nothing if they can't count their colleagues' votes, and the votes were never there to override a landlord-backed mayor. So we preoccupied ourselves with piecemeal changes in the laws which have meant little to those people who got booted out of town in the Mean Time.

There is an assortment of excuses offered by leaders of the San Francisco Housing and Tenants Council for following this approach at the expense of the direct voter appeal. The favorite bogeyman is that the real estate/landlord opposition will flood our mailboxes and airwaves with vicious attacks on Vacancy Control funded by a \$500,000+ war chest. To counter this, tenants would need to raise at least \$150,000. Since we have NEVER been effective fundraisers, this stops us dead in our tracks. Although it is true that an initiative campaign would be outspent, the argument assumes an almost total lack of intelligence and awareness by tenants in voting in their own best interests. In addition, this attitude ignores the power of a well-organized grassroots campaign which uses volunteer energy to mobilize support on Election Day.

Another reason used to back off from the ballot drive is very lame: if we lose, we set back the "tenants movement" and may destroy future efforts to strengthen our rights. This is an insult to the hundreds of activists who have been engaged in this war of wills over the years. Using the longtime struggle to win high-rise controls in the city as an example, it took 20 years and six attempts until Prop M was passed last November. One may also ponder the proverb, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained," before accepting this cowardly excuse. At worst, a Vacancy Control Initiative will put the issue of housing and displacement of San Franciscans on the top of the public agenda and force debate among elected officials and those who strive to power.

The current explanation being fostered by the Council for delaying a direct vote on rent control is that such an effort would detract energy and money from the November 1987 mayoral contest. Housing advocates have determined that the surest means of securing Vacancy Control is to help get Assemblyman Art Agnos elected Mayor. Although it is obvious that Agnos would be more sympathetic to renters than his

main rival, John Molinari, there can be no guarantee that he will work for effective rent control. The leadership once again has chosen to rely on the promises of a politician rather than place its trust in the people in whose interests they purport to labor for.

Still another rationale used by the Council over the years to deflate would-be initiative efforts is the threat posed by the annual anti-rent control legislation ritually promoted in Sacramento. Some have said that such a campaign could be decisive in swaying the outcome towards the landlord-lobby side by suggesting a variation of the "domino theory" as yet another city falls prey to the communist menace of radical rent control. This unwillingness to fight for what we believe in when confronted by a challenge from the opposition fulfills exactly what they want...a paralyzed tenant majority afraid of its own shadow. With this type of reluctant leadership, the Costas and Garamendis never actually need an outright victory...the threat is enough to keep renters down.

Since it formed, the Council has repeatedly mouthed a willingness to go to the ballot if the City Hall approach failed as it did most recently last year. However, this pledge was jettisoned as political alliances shifted. Only a handful of organizations (the North Mission Association and the S.F. Humanist Party joined with the SFTU) voted to launch an initiative campaign in 1986 when the Council called for a decision. As a result, the Tenants Union resigned from the Council in January of this year. Although the SFTU remains committed to work in cooperation with the Council and its members, our independence from its conservative stance now allows us to begin organizing a 1988 Vacancy Control Campaign. You will read more about this over the next several months.

It is sad to admit but the San Francisco tenants movement has been on the defensive since 1984. During this time, our gains have been small; our losses significant. Longtime residents have been replaced by other tenants better able to pay top dollar for shelter. For those of us who have survived, the nearly-decade long fight to sharpen the teeth of rent control will culminate in a chance to directly vote on the June 1988 ballot. Indeed, the wait has been interminable; the adage of closing the barn door after the horse escaped is apropos. The horse was riderless and the farmer was asleep. It is time to restore action within the movement.

*This article should provoke response. In fact, **Tenant Times** urges your feedback. Please send your written thoughts to us by June 18 for inclusion in our July issue.*

Letters-To-The-Editor

Editor:

I love anonymous media. Thank you for printing this statement. I am one single mom under a very heavy load of guilt. I wonder how to live. I wonder what to do. Life is Unlucky, thou Nobody Knows It - especially if you see me.

Next month I receive my child back after much mis-communication. This last 3 months have been the worst ever in my life, and I must resist. So I started dieting endlessly - or as long as food irradiation is an issue in this town/city of Hilo, Hawaii. How about a spaceport in Vandenberg County? What about life on spaceship Earth? That's what I want to see answers to! Good luck and God Bless Everyone that can relate.

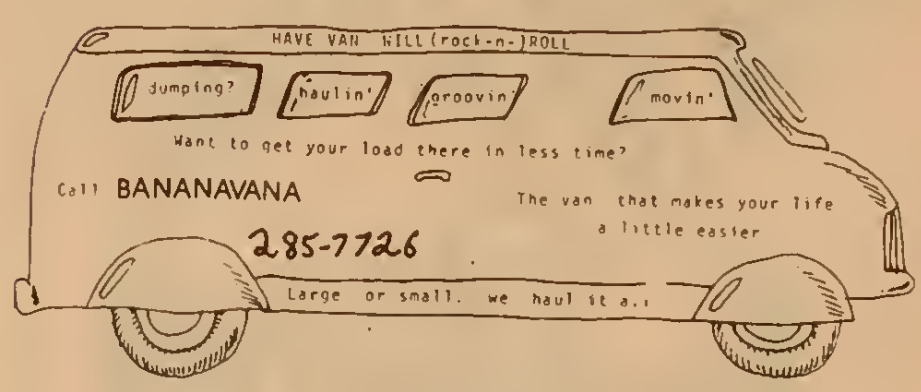
- Janna Ray

Editor:

Hey, LYNN JOHNSON, wot' [CENSORED] you mean that I've got a foul mouth?? [CENSORED], I don't dig that [CENSORED]! You must have been drunk that Saturday night cause I don't remember you.

Now get your [CENSORED] back into Vic's and let your presence be known and I'll buy you a drink!

MEAN JEAN



MICHELLE MARIA BOLEYN



ODE TO THE RIGHTS OF SPRING

Twenty Fourth y La Mision is filled with our spirits during this time. We are seeking flores and celebrations such as Cinci de Mayo and Carnival and all symbols akin to the end of this strange winter.

Juan Pablo Gutierrez and Arlene Stewart of the Mission Cultural Center danced on 24th Street in front of the lens of my wayward camera on a morning of good Cafe' a la Boheme, to the smells and sounds of the street of our community, with all the diversity that this street allows.

New businesses are opening on my block between 24th and 25th. Next to McDonalds nar the corner of 24th is now MISSION MUNCHIES (I know, but what's in a name?). These are really nice people who roast fresh turkey and roast beef daily along with their own homemade donuts, cakes and pies. The floor of this restaurant is the primary reason I became interested in them. This floor is wonderful. It comes from Saltillo in Coahuila State, Mexico. We need more floors of such imminent character. Also, this new MUNCHIES is open 24 hours. How this will affect our neighborhood, only time will show, but I wish them well. Stop by and take a bite.

And BARRAZZA! The wonderful blue building also in this block, has a bright new awning of such magnificense, that I wish 24th Street would take a cue.

Ah, spring, when all is once again shiny and new and filled with hope. Paz.

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GRAND DELUSIONS

Brian Doohan

BACK-OFFICE DEVELOPMENT; SAN FRANCISCO'S DELUSION OF EXPEDIENCY

Back-office employment (predominantly routine data-input clerical positions) is being advanced by City officials, labor and developers as the salvation of low and moderate-income workers. Without a vast increase in back-office space (bare, loft-style floorspace), industry spokesmen argue that FIRE corporations (Finance, Insurance, Real Estate and other paper-processors) will leave San Francisco for greener pastures in the suburbs. Preservation of such jobs is a principle weapon in the public-relations arsenal of developers of projects like Mission Bay and Van Ness Gateway Center. The Mayor, Supervisors, Planning Commission and other official bodies agree and have been crawling over one another like crabs in a can in their haste to accommodate back office users.

Tragically, these businesses and officials are pursuing a mirage, a delusion that cannot become reality without prompt, courageous action at the Federal level. And planning policies adopted in the interests of the back-office delusion may even have the effect of worsening both the City's economy and its residential and commercial affordability. For the back-office sector, largely non-unionized and disproportionately composed of women and minorities, is in danger of being struck out by the same business sector that holds it up as a hostage to gain developmental concessions from City officials.

STRIKE ONE - Suburbanization

In Bay Area suburbs, housewives "bored stiff, sitting in their houses all day" form a "productive, stable and non-militant (workforce) at low clerical wages". In rural parts of Northern California, where stagnant agricultural and timber industries have created a surplus of displaced, desperate people, San Francisco's FIRE industries have struck gold.

Back-office jobs which require some human interface... a customer service position using an 800 number, for example... need not be located in the headquarters office or even in the city or region, according David Beers of Pacific News Service from whose Jan. 18th article in Image Magazine the depictions above were drawn. George Davis of the Office and Professional Employees' Union told Beers that union jobs in San Francisco pay \$9.50 an hour while runaway corporations like Blue Shield are able to get by on an average of \$4.30 hourly. And the so-called Electronic Cottage... home workstations that presumably mitigate exploitation by allowing flexibility to working mothers... has largely proven a bust because employers resent the loss of opportunity to monitor employees. "They're just not able to crack the whip," said Beers.

"It's a serious problem," Davis later told the North Mission News. "The Central Valley, for example, offers lower taxes and wages and has a large pool of temporary employees."

STRIKE TWO - Offshore Relocation

Whenever somebody in North America and parts of Asia wants to sell Perrier water, an order passes to Great Waters Distribution in Connecticut for submission to the French via Curacao in the West Indies. (PC Week 1/20/87) This is but one of many back-office jobs not requiring personal contact which offer employers the opportunity to save even more than the 50-60% they pocket by relocating to America's low-wage boondocks.

In 1985 the Office of Technology Assessment (which agency is charged with the investigation and compilation of technological trends for the U.S. Congress) published "The Automation of America's Office". OTA reports seldom wind up on the top ten list of best-sellers, which is too bad because this is a horror story beside which pale the works of Steven King and other traffickers in paranoia.

But this isn't fiction, not even science fiction. In its Chapter 8 ("Off-Shore Office Work"), OTA notes the relocation of office work to Mexico and the Caribbean (pacified Grenada is particularly favored by data transit companies), observing that functions as check processing and coupon sorting which can be easily transferred to magnetic tape are airfreighted to the lower-wage Latin and Caribbean nations and that, with expected quality and cost improvements in satellite technology, "time-sensitive work would be exported to areas such as the Far East or India."

In the eighteen months since OTA's publication, reality is rapidly replacing conception. As reported in the Examiner (12/14/86) back-office work is now exported to non-English-speaking Asian nations whose salary scale of pennies per day enable corporations to hire two workers to cross check other's data input capability.

Satellites reward data transmission executives who resent

"high" wages (up to \$2.00 an hour as compared to \$9.50 in San Francisco or half that in more economically strapped regions) paid Caribbean workers. They're out shopping for real bargains. "In the People's Republic of China," states OTA, "a figure of \$2.00 per week for clerical workers was cited."

Opponents argue that offshore facilities are at political risk... imagine the mailing list of Publisher's Clearinghouse, now maintained from Montego Bay, falling into the hands of a revolutionary Jamaican government! They also deplore the trade deficits and unemployment resulting from relocation.

As Dennis Chamott, an AFL-CIO spokesman and author of "The Electronic Sweatshop" told OTA, relocation and automation of white collar jobs is "taking away the last large group of jobs that the economy is supposedly going to have available."

U.S. financed economic development organizations, who support and promote the growth of offshore office facilities deny such practices are exploitative. Gordon Hunt, Director of Caribbean/Central American Action told the OTA that critics of offshore relocation would rather "starve" the people of less developed countries and that data entry jobs contribute to political stability and lessen the instance of illegal immigration. "Business goes where business can be done," he said. The flow of capital cannot be stopped unless one wishes to control the economy, and this runs against the whole tradition of free trade."

STRIKE THREE - Optical Scanning

The OTA is curiously sanguine about the long-term job destroying aspects of offshore office relocation. They do not conclude that either trade restrictions or taxes on foreign-processed data entry will be beneficial (despite Chamott's claim that Customs still taxes foreign-processed data at the \$10 blank-tape rate instead of the \$50,000 worth of information it contains) and propose only mild restrictions on the leasing of telecommunication lines and satellite space.

Can OTA be collaborating with the Reagan administration to drive up unemployment in America? Hardly. Their view is that offshore relocation is a fleeting phenomenon. Machines are coming that render even the weekly two-dollar pittance paid Chinese coupon-sorters a waste of capital.

"State-of-the-art optical character recognition (OCR) devices can now read typed, printed and some hand-printed material," states OTA (pg. 314). "With OCR, a page is scanned with light. White, or background, portions reflect the light and inked portions absorb it. The resulting image is recognized, digitalized, and fed into a circuit."

The report predicts that, by 1995, OCRs may be able to read and input most printed material "40 to 50 times faster than a typist can rekeyboard it". The high cost of the devices (\$12,000 in 1985) is expected to drop rapidly, thus "by the end of this decade today's volume of manual data entry could be reduced by a significant amount, with a much greater reduction by the end of the century."

THE HOME FRONT - Delusions of Expediency

Recent economic studies note that the contradiction between a rising economy and a falling employment rate can be explained by the "uncoupling" of productivity from employment. Offshore relocation and automation drive down the cost of some imported goods at a pace exceeding the decline in purchasing power of clerks and autoworkers flipping burgers at McDonald's or collecting welfare checks. Unfortunately, other economic units (such as rent and food) refuse to be uncoupled. The result, as one of the more cynical economic maxims goes is that displaced American workers "will be able to videotape their own starvation."

Back-office development still has defenders, and they are no more visible than among the ranks of planners, politicians, developers and San Francisco's mainstream press which, even in "objective" news reporting ooze unctuously over its promise of jobs for women and minorities (OTA, to the contrary, states that relocation and automation most impact these groups).

But if they are wrong... what then? What is the destiny of unwanted back-office space?

For the short term, of course, it will sit vacant. But over the long-term, impecunious back office developers are likely to return to the Planning Commission weeping and pleading for modifications to their buildings which would most likely take the form of loft-office suites; accommodations directly up the alley of a pseudo-bohemian subset of front-office users. The South of Market, particularly the region around South Park, already knows the lawyers, ad agencies, stockbrokers and other entrepreneurs on the border of business and culture who move into vacant industrial buildings, "improve" the space with plywood floors and partitions, "arty" lighting fixtures and such, and so integrate fundamentally parasitic occupations with the trappings of the avant-garde.

Such people, of course, have no less (and no more) right to exist in San Francisco than back-office workers. Public officials, however, should be aware of their propensity to infest unusable back-office space and plan accordingly.

A recent planning vogue... back-office space for governmental uses... also has been touched upon by OTA's report. While little or no offshore relocation has been utilized, OCR

and other devices are being phased in at a rate equal to or greater than of the private sector and without labor unrest. "Federal employees do not have a right to strike," states William B. Gould in "A Primer on American Labor Law", "... the dismissal of the air controllers when they struck illegally is likely to discourage other strikes for some time."

The publication Office Administration and Automation (9/84) concluded "government is pioneering some leading-edge office automation programs and, in many respects, is ahead of the private sector because the Reagan administration is emphasizing automation in the effort to increase efficiency."

OTA states that "the cumulative evidence that automation of white-collar work can at least allow employment growth to be constrained or reversed while the amount of information-handling increases is persuasive." They stress that some government agencies are "behind their closest private sector counterparts" in implementing job-destroying automotive innovations while others, specifically the Internal Revenue Service, "are at the frontier in specific office automation applications." This should stand as a red flag raised against the proposals of some City spokespersons that potential government employment justifies the trampling under of San Francisco's existing neighborhood economies.

"They're in dreamland," concurs George Davis who believes that the long-term decline in white collar employment will reach 25-30% and that the City should encourage economic balance by courting trade and convention business and by offering tax incentives to existing employers. He and Eisenscher argue that the job drain will worsen without total overhaul of laws like the National Labor Relations Act (NLRA).

"In the end," says Eisenscher, "the workers have to determine not to be victims..." advice also applicable to San Franciscans concerned about the City's economic planning.

"There is stability in unpredictability," advises Beers who believes that small businesses are better positioned to make planning decisions than bureaucrats and that a poorly-conceived back-office boom will benefit suburban commuters rather than Mission job-seekers, with a consequent increase in traffic and gentrification. "What kind of tax, employment and infrastructure incentives will the City offer?"

In light of change the economic policy San Francisco must seek is balance. To skip blindly down the path of back-office growth is as irresponsible as razing the Financial District to erect old-fashioned auto factories. In many baskets, many eggs will have more chance of navigating change unbroken.



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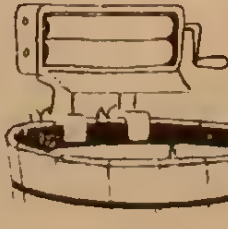
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MISSION COMMUNITY CULTURE

Written by Michael Page with Maria de Colombia

SANTERIA: A BLENDING OF CULTURES



Changó in

Tales of the Orishas

by Migene González-Wipper

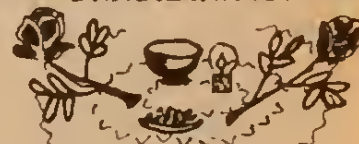
Tucked away in the corner of a store on 24th Street, amid numerous types of bananas, dried fish hanging, hard sharp cheeses and tropical guava paste there is an altar to the Orisha deities of Cuba. It displays three black fishermen in a boat, a jar of water, a glass of pennies and some fresh flowers, an African rattle, a clay figure of a wounded man on crutches with dogs, a picture of a grand woman in blue and white holding a baby, guarding and protecting us with her benevolence.

Down a block at Angela's Gift House a seeker of "folkloric" curiosities or a devout follower of the Santeria religion can purchase the candles, oils and charms one might need to evoke the divine intervention of the African saints. On the shelves the Catholic faces of the statuary mask the dark hidden magic that is being dealt here. Like in other such stores (there are several in the Mission) the wares include dried hummingbirds, shells and rattlesnake tails, love oils, necklaces, spiritual readings, information and mystery.

In colonial America, the religious beliefs of the Africans survived by blending with European Catholic tradition to create a vivid, complex and powerful set of religions called Santeria, also called Lucumi in Cuba and related to Candomblé and Macumba in Brazil, Shango in Trinidad and Voudou in Haiti, among a few. These religions use drum music, chanting, dancing and "communication" with the spirits of the dead and form the base line of Afro-Caribbean culture.



SANTA BARBARA AFRICANA



Santeria is alive here and is very much an underground presence in our community; in the drumming and dancing of the Carnaval parade, salsa, rumba and in the more private practices of some Mission residents. The communication with the saints, the songs, rhythms and dances which have profound spiritual meaning to Puerto Rican, Cuban, Brazilian, Colombians, Caribbean people.

I have always been drawn to spiritual things and magic. Santeria by its connection with nature and the past is attractive to Americans searching for cultural meaning in their lives. Yet it remains something of a mystery. Many Santeros who practice the religion remain private. To them it is an intimate relationship with their gods and goddesses and their culture.

We venture out to learn from those who live it, teach it, practice it and dedicate this article to the Orisha, (the saints) and to the positive blending of our various cultural roots and expressions.

Elegua on Twenty Fourth Street

I've lived and hung out around 24th Street for a long time. In that time I have had several encounters with Santeria. Some Santeros prefer to keep their tradition closed. There are others who are working hard with little recognition and even less economic support to bring alive to the community the Orisha goddesses and gods. One of these people is Rubén Texidor. He is a musician and follower of Santeria. Last month he and his buddies put on a very tight, entertaining and enlivening event "Folklorica de la Santería" (at the Western Addition Cultural Center). The event's program included notes on the various saints and their manifestations. The music was fine, incredible singing by Pedro de Jesus and two little daughters, who

astoundingly know all the words to the unusual African-Spanish invocations. Culture has power - and events like this pass on an oral tradition from the elders to the young. There were all kinds of people there and a lot of sweaty emotion. I was possessed by the rhythms of the congas and the bata drums (a double headed drum with a variety of pitches. They are the most sacred drums of the religion and deserve this holy distinction.)

I met Rubén on 24th Street. He was coincidentally one Santero I wanted to see that day. Rubén wants young people and everybody to know what they are seeing when they see Carnaval or a rumba dance at Cinco de Mayo. He lives with Constance Hale also an authority on the religion who has written many articles. In their home, they keep an immaculate altar with beans and seeds and cream as offerings, African-like statuary, drums and the jar of pennies. Rubén, a native Puerto Rican, explains that "It is a long process to become a Santero". First you must educate yourself in the religion. Mostly this is done by your family, by your godmother or godfather (padrina -o-) and through exposure to community rituals. Part of becoming a Santero involves receiving beaded and silver necklaces from a high priest (babalawo) as Rubén has done. This is after a year or more of preparation and a very costly, elaborate ceremony. One then receives the name of one's saint, Los santos (both male and female and sometimes both) engender natural properties of nature. For example the goddess Yemayá is the mother of the sea - she has many children and can be stormy sometimes. A very popular Orisha is Chango - she is the god of thunder and lightning, sex and virility who is parallel to Santa Barbara with a cup and a sword. Receiving your name is receiving the life long assistance of one of these figures.

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Spirits high at Rumba Sunday at the Capp Street Center

BACK ON 24TH STREET, as if answering a psychic call for help, a man in a wheel chair appeared out of nowhere and said he was a Santero and his Orisha is Elegua. Elegua is the messenger of the Orishas and opens the doors, and this he certinly did. This Cuban man, very black from Oriente and very talkative said there are dozens of Santeros in San Francisco and hundreds more in Miami (over 5 million in the U.S. and growing). He mostly practices alone. He would like to go through some of the ceremonies but they are very costly, especially here in the city. He was interested in the goats they have at The Farm nearby and asked me several times how much it would cost to buy one. Goats, chickens and other animal sacrifice is a part of some of the rituals. (Several people have come to The Farm asking for animals to sacrifice.) I felt a lot for this man from the country of the island and when I mentioned him to others they didn't seem to know him yet I'm sure this really happened.

Another excellent source of information on the Yoruba religions of Cuba is a local group, Rumbafroson. This group presents monthly events to the public. Each month their presentation highlights local performers. There is alot of singing, dancing and fun. To the outsider (aley) it is a party and to others from Cuba and Latin America it is an important link to their recent past and their eternal bloodline. The group is multicultural (as is the religion) and several white and Afro-Americans participate in the show. Judith Justiz - the leader of the group, gives dance classes on Thursday and Saturday at Third Wave Dance Studio. In the class, students dance the dances for Yemayá, Obatalá, Ogun, Oshun ... the drumming is always live. This group, as well as Rubén Texidor and Constance Hale, Roberto (Tito) Echerarria and Patricio Livingston of the Chango Video Project, Osum de Bale another musical group believe their culture needs to be shared. Enslavement and repression of black people and domination by the Catholic church as well as the mysterious and super natural nature of Santeria have made it a "hidden religion". It was even outlawed in many places. Asking questions in one of the candle shops, made this clear to us as interviewers. The proprietors were very closed and didn't want to talk. It was forbidden us to take pictures as well. But this is understandable when you see how Hollywood rips off and sensationalizes voodoo and African custom.

There are good books available at some of these stores and at El Pajarito on 16th and Valencia. Books are probably an easier source of information than asking a lot of questions. Check the Library. Start at the Mission branch. I found books listed under Santeria and Yoruba. While you are there check out the record collection. There is Santeria Cubana in stereo - "Toques y Cantos Santeros Lucumi" by authentic Cuban Santeros and somebody called Patato.

One good film that plays at the Roxie and York theatre is "Quilombo" about an African utopia in Brazil. "The Divine Horseman" by Maya Derin, which often plays around, is about this amazing woman's experience with voodoo in Haiti. There is also a book by the same name. Last year there were scenes shot at Ceaser's for "Drums Across the Sea" a film about Francisco Aguabella who is a local Cuban master drummer, a band leader and also one of the most knowledgable on Santeria drumming.



If you are around awhile you will hear of Chango. In the Carnava or on the radio. On TV on "I Love Lucy." A Puerto Rican poet was saying that the evolution of his Afro-Caribbean culture still goes on. The history of Santeria religious culture has a present day in San Francisco. Santeria changes and expands to the culture at large and mixes with other Latin American, Black, gay, Lesbian and other subcultures. Just as ancient Indian traditions that the Native Americans fight to keep alive in the cities and in the prisons. We become more animistic; borrowing, meshing our beliefs.

When we're lined up watching our jazzy funky San Francisco bands file down the street in the Carnaval say "thank you" to Oshun of the river who gave you love and ask Oggun to help you get a better job and be successful. Above all enjoy the drums and let them move you and be glad ou are in La Santa Misión.

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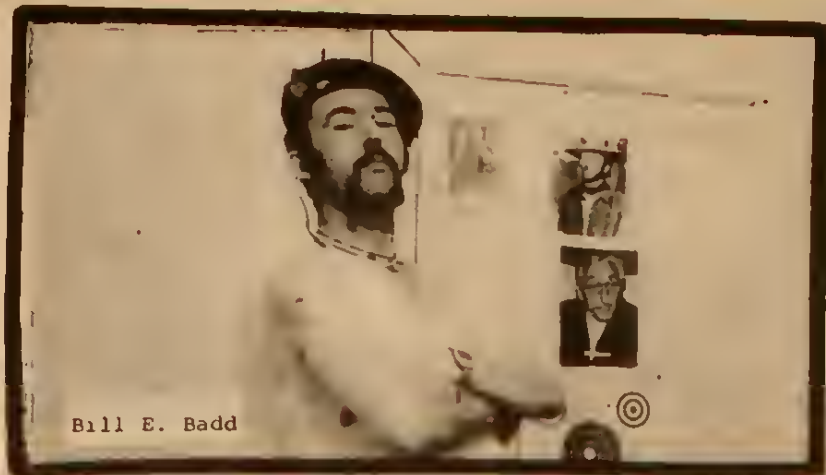
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BADD SPORTS

This next contest needs no introduction. Have you ever been to a lunchbreak in the schoolyard? Or a jail cell? Or standing at the corner of 122nd & Lenox in Harlem? How about on the back of a Muni bus? A wrestling match or your neighborhood park on a hot Saturday night live? The housing projects or drinking in a 16th Street back alley? Well folks, these are where main capping contests come down. I've heard caps that would make Redd Foxx and Oon Rickles O.D. from humiliating bombardments of every ghetto cuss word and word ticket there is. The Chinese, Italians and just about every walk of life do it. Cap sessions always have a rooting section. You know, like for instance is someone says something like, "hey man, your face is so shot that it looks like it caught on fire and was put out with a track shoe." And everyone goes; whooooooooooooo. Uh-oh. That support makes your opponent even more [censored]. Capping on a dude himself is more illustrative because you don't use a third person to badd rap. Just one on one. I've sen kids at school turn truant just so they don't have to face the handi-cappers. There's a bar somewhere back east that has a three ring circus. It's a makeshift boxing ring where some of the good 'ol boys face off on each other's wives.

I myself know a lot of heavy caps but I'd hate to have to bail out the editor when the rangers take him in on obscenity charges for robbing virgin eyeballs plus me getting hunted down by a pack of angry housewives and woman's libbers. Plus all the merchants pulling out their ads saying they's not going to do business with the vulgarity of the mucho macho 16th Street punk creep. That's a cap I got sometime last year by an individual in the mail department of this paper. I would have re-capped but my mother taught me not to talk to strangers and from what I gather (you know who you are) is very strange. Especially a letter coming in from right here in San Francisco. A city where women are women and so are some of the men. What ever happened to this city where at one time the men were men and the women were glad of it? So to all you baby gut freaks who left their hearts in San Francisco come on back and pick em up before someone picks them up and sells them at the plasma center.

North Mission News CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

JOBS

COUNSELOR: Swords to Plowshares, non-profit vets organization seeks flexible, compassionate counselor with background in alcohol/substance abuse and mental health issues to join interdisciplinary team in providing individ/group counseling to homeless vets in a community environment. EEO. Salary range: \$1,600 - \$1,700. Submit resumes to STP, 400 Valencia Street, San Francisco 94103. No calls please.

SOCIAL WORKER/HUMAN SERVICES COORINATOR: Swords to Plowshares seeks social worker to coordinate Human Services Unit and provide direct service to clients. Solid experience in administration, organization and leadership. Must have experience in providing services to "hard to serve" clients; understanding of vets mental health issues (PTSD) and substance/alcohol abuse. LCSW Pref. Sal: 24,000/yr. EEO. Submit resumes as above, no calls please.

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STUDIO WORKSPACE AVAILABLE: Artists and photographers wanted for Mission District warehouse. Daily-Weekly-Monthly rates. Call 285-7726.

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MARIO JOEL

"... like the effect of the real the sign seems to emit - a tactical hallucination."

- Jean Baudrillard

Mario Joel is a busy man. Consider the massive artistic output by this extremely talented local painter, it would seem evident that he has little time to do much of anything else. Or so he would have us believe. In actual fact Mario Joel is largely responsible for bringing the art of many underexposed and unrecognized local artists' closets (studios) to the North Mission to inhabit the interiors of two of the busiest venues in the area, the Picaro Cafe and the Pancho Villa Taqueria.

On an average day these two restaurants see upwards of a thousand people through their doors. Singlehandedly, Joel has spearheaded and managed to maintain a rigorous changing exhibition schedule at these two eateries which contributes to the ambiance of this somewhat bohemian and unselfconscious neighborhood. It makes sense that the art should hang out with the activity of the Picaro which consists variously of the massive flow of North mission denizens who arrive momentarily to (1) meet, (2) eat, (3) read, (4) play, ie chess, (5) imbibe coffee, etc., and (6) be confronted, if not assaulted by the visual proclivity which otherwise hangs silent and static on these walls. The truth is, the art feels right at home here and in a sense is placed for immediate contemplation and not the hard sell of the commercial galleries. The art on view usually conforms to no less than three reasons for being here: One, it performs an aesthetic function. Two, it engages the public in some form of interplay. Three, it serves as a public testament or forum for a given individual artists' "take" on life or other equally valid stance or statement that he or she may wish to contribute to the world at large. So it is with Mario Joel's ever changing caravan of Missionesque imagery; the veritable People's Museum of all things seen and un-seen, of power, struggle, the World Village, hope, beauty, the human condition... civilization, TIMELESSNESS.

But what about Mario Joel, the painter? Curiously enough, the most interesting element of his large colorful abstractions is a peculiar, somewhat obfuscated Fifties design sensibility which combines the resonating presence of Aborigine forms in vibrant, contrasting hues of color, resulting in a powerfully orchestrated display of visual TETRA CHOROS. The technique employed here involves a vigorous layering of paint in a method similar to that of the schools of process and repetition painting of the seventies. The works evolve slowly and painstakingly, but result finally in very rich and highly resolved surfaces which speak of the tenacity and willingness of a given individual's persistence in taking an object to the extreme of contemplation; this is a point of existence in the first order, the signic act of painting in its nascent pre-condition. This is mental painting resultant of strange psychic resolve. Fairly rare in this day and age. The paintings of Mario Joel fancy themselves to be alive, as so they should. They "express us by making us what they express (Bachelard)."

- by Armando Rascon

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A FINE LINE

- by Barbara Jamison

Only you know what you can do. To others you are only a perhaps. -- Stendahl

To Stendahl, I add an "always", if you're a woman.

Even though ex-CIA heavy macho John Stockwell stands by a daily aerobics class, I think we can fairly say that aerobic classes are predominated by women. Around puberty I think we (women) get the idea that we're responsible for not letting our bodies break down all boundaries in the mad rush towards womanhood with its endemic expansion of hips, breasts, thighs, a responsibility felt by some for a lifetime. How to get a measure of control? One way seems to be the daily sweat incurred at the mirrorless, unglamorous Rhythm & Motion aerobic classes at the Womens Building on 18th Street. The challenge to boys around the time of puberty seems to be more how to leash and unleash sexuality appropriately. Whereas control over body image is always looking inwards, comparing the inner image to a reflection in the mirror, control over sexuality, as we know, leads to masterpieces... the sublimated field of male pre-eminence, according to Freud.

Has the women's liberation movement led us thus far: a support group in sweat? An effort expended, released, renewed in innocuous revolutions to insipid music? More and more inverse space, where you circle around your own self to the point of exhaustion, dizziness, the elevated pulse that tells you you have worked? The core group of females faithful to the pulse (of which I'm a member) describe it in more positive terms.

First of all there is a popular appeal to Rhythm & Motion classes that combine dance with hard core exercise. Babies and pregnant mothers, dancers and clearly non-dancers, overweight

women and a few practicing anorexics, but no Jane Fondas, we exercise hard in tattered clothes in a dark auditorium spared the grace of looking at our reflections. Although some of us are body fanatics, arriving punctually every day, sometimes twice a day, others walk the fine line of control less dramatically. For the dancers there is something invigorating about not having to worry about the perfection of line the dancer, by definition, tries so hard to achieve. And for those of us whose bodies won't obey when we command them to fight with the imperative of age, the lack of mirror is a relief.

Carla, a 44 year old nursing student and dancer, lists the benefits to the body of daily aerobics. There is evidence that the aerobic stress on bones is a good preventative measure against osteoporosis (the hardening of the bones that affects middle aged women); the increase of blood circulation that occurs with a period of elevated heart rate which clears vessels of cholesterol; increased sweating helps the kidneys rid themselves of toxins.

For Melanie, age 30, actress and mother of a 2 year old, her aerobic class is "a selfish daily necessity". "It's a way of staying in the world for a mother of a young child," she says. An ex-anorexic, it lets her "give up that hold on yourself you feel you have to maintain if you don't exercise every day..."

Along with the benefits to body, aerobics provides a control mechanism for the mind as well. Most interesting for mental health is the release of pain-killing endorphins in the central nervous system that takes place somewhere in the 20 minute aerobic range. Women committed to aerobics claim it is one of the best antidotes to anxiety and depression. I believe them. A victim of chronic mood swing, I say to men and women alike before your doctor turns your world flat with lithium... try a different mood stabilizer, but be prepared for the body odour that comes along with it.

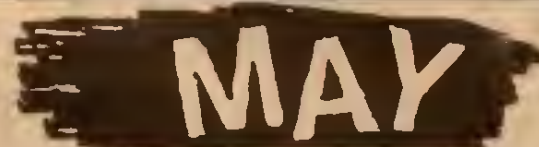
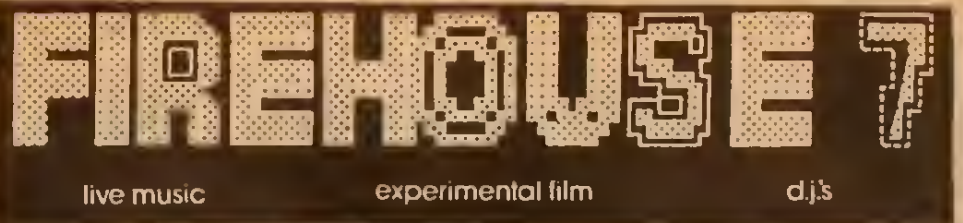
Outside the aerobics class the world may not be any better, but you may be able to cope with it more successfully. I guess we really do need the beat (male) poets around, still hot on their reification of paranoid schizophrenics, prostitutes, to beat it into our brains that the world has not yet caught up with its glorified image in the glass. To remind us that even at our most progressive, we're still unliberated of the old, worn-out stereotypes. But I'm digressing. Back into the circle of sweat.

Women versus their power. In "A Different Voice", Carol Gilligan describes it this way: "The thing which most retards and militates against women's self development is self-sacrifice." In "Imitation of the Rose", Brazilian author Clarence Lispector writes about a woman going through a breakdown described as "temperment, an alert, untired solitude that spreads like a cancer, a terrible independence, arrogance and selfishness." Inversely, it is normality that threatens this powerful state wearing "the unassuming expression of a woman, where the woman plays an insignificant role with gratitude, next to the husband never seeking to understand, like a man who is happy, who no longer needs to think about his wife."

Well... our ever-growing aerobic circle, not exactly a bastion of feminist polemics, but as the music directs, "fling your hands in the air as though you don't care," and extend that leg, pointing high to "you have to take me the way I am. I don't want your ca-a-a-andy love..."



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TUE " 5 dance to the musical guns of D.J. TERRY MERCENARY..... 9:30
WED " 6 Reggae Calendar pres. "CRUCIAL DANCE NIGHT w/ top radio dj's 9:30
THU " 7 DEAD BEAT MAGAZINE BENEFIT. The McQuires + Hanging Party... 9:30
FRI " 8 TYPHOON + HERU RAHA.....D.J. TERRY MERCENARY..... 9:30
SAT " 9 THE ATOMIC CAFE Ifyou love to dancew D.J. MINK..... 9:30

SUN MAY 10 "URBAN REFORM" Industrial & Progressive dance D.J. KEVIN C. 9:30
MON " 11 DANCING WITH D.J. KEITH..... 9:30
TUE " 12 dance to the musical guns of D.J. TERRY MERCENARY..... 9:30
WED " 13 Reggae Calendar pres. "CRUCIAL DANCE NIGHT w/ top radio dj's 9:30
THU " 14 D.J. Mink "A Quabbhalistic Missile!!"..... 9:30
FRI " 15 CONJUNCTO CESPEDES.....D.J. TERPY MERCENARY..... 9:30
SAT " 16 K.U.S.F. D.J. PATRICK FLYNN..... 9:30

SUN MAY 17 "URBAN REFORM" Industrial & Progressive dance D.J. KEVIN C. 9:30
MON " 18 DANCING WITH D.J. KEITH..... 9:30
TUE " 19 dance to the musical guns of D.J. TERRY MERCENARY..... 9:30
WED " 20 Reggae Calendar pres. "CRUCIAL DANCE NIGHT w/ top radio dj's 9:30
THU " 21 D.J. Mink "A Quabbhalistic Missile!!" 9:30
FRI " 22 LEAVING TRAINS (from L.A.).....D.J. TERRY MERCENARY..... 9:30
SAT " 23 THE ATOMIC CAFE - D.J. MINK..If you love to dance!!!..... 9:30

SUN MAY 24 "URBAN REFORM" Industrial & Progressive dance D.J. KEVIN C. 9:30
MON " 25 DANCING WITH D.J. KEITH..... 9:30
TUE " 26 dance to the musical guns of D.J. TERRY MERCENARY..... 9:30
WED " 27 Reggae Calendar pres. "CRUCIAL DANCE NIGHT w/ top radio dj's 9:30
THU " 28 D.J. Mink "A Quabbhalistic Missile!!" 9:30
FRI " 29 NOVA MOB - TIME.....D.J. TERRY MERCENARY..... 9:30
SAT " 30 K.U.S.F.....D.J. JIMMY D..... 9:30

SUN MAY 31 "URBAN REFORM" Industrial & Progressive dance D.J. KEVIN C. 9:30

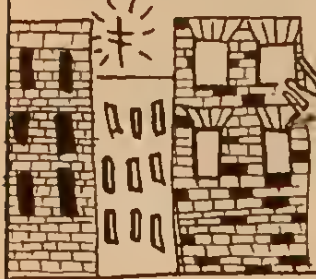


3160 16th St. San Francisco 821-1617

ADVENTURES of BART SCUM (CONT.)

After death, our hero
ASCENDS INTO...

hoboken?!?



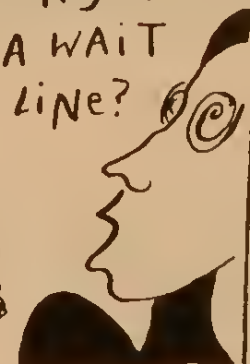
Where
bad
POETS
go
when
they
die



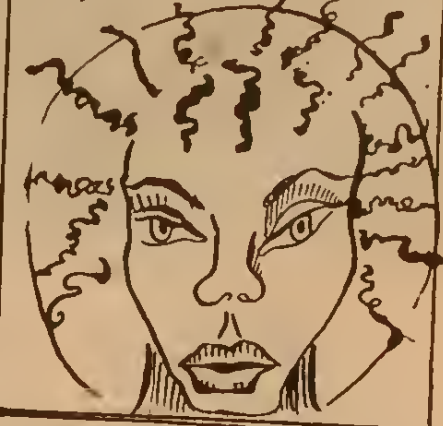
times is tough
since god
upped the
MILITARY
Budget



so how long do i
gotta wait
on line?
for
ETERNITY,
BABY

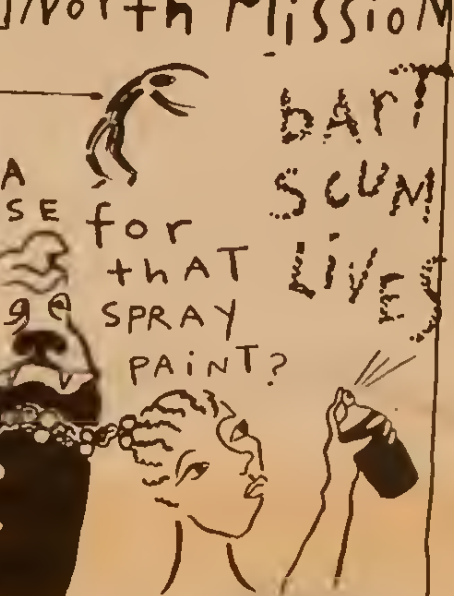
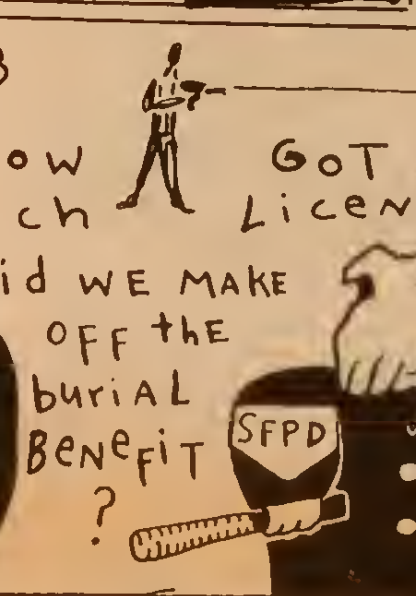
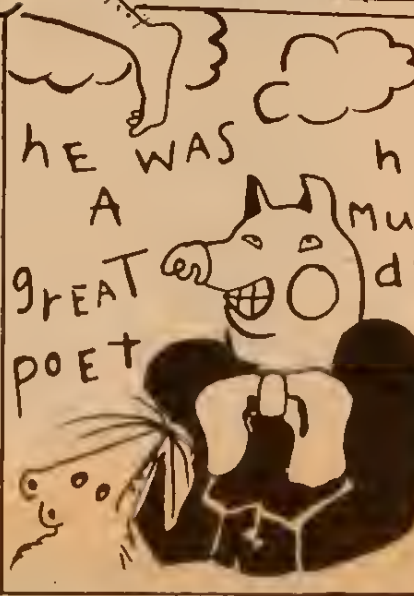


UNLESS, of course,
you CHOOSE to GO
BACK



MEANWHILE,
BACK IN THE
North Mission

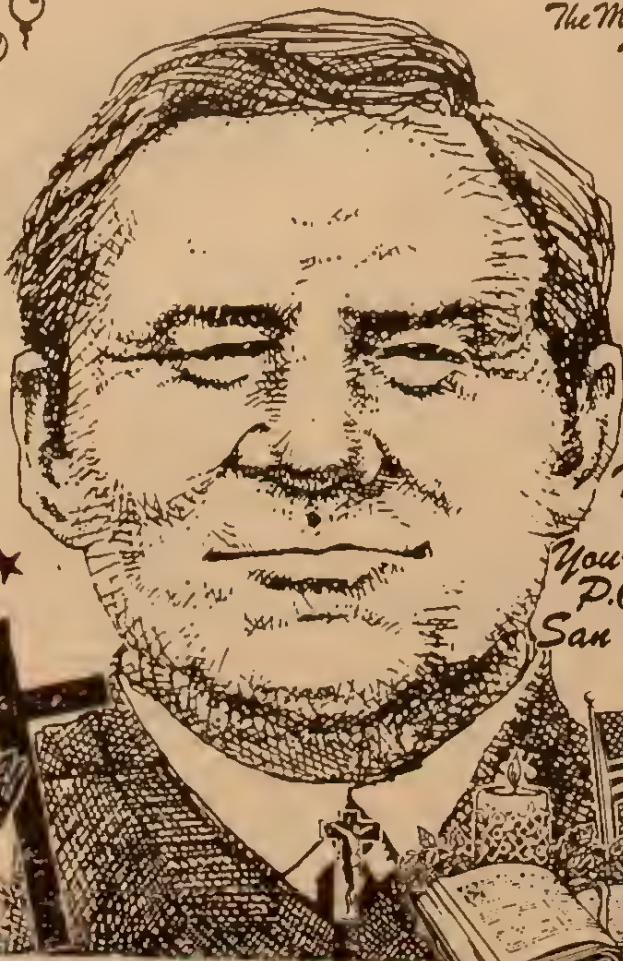
he WAS
A
great
poet
how
much
did we make
off the
burial
BENEFIT
GOT A
License for
that
SPRAY
PAINT?



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God Bless You

Let's Clean Up
The Mess
Together



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Veterans Behind Bars*



Friday May 22 PHOTOGRAPHY EXHIBIT THROUGH JUNE 5
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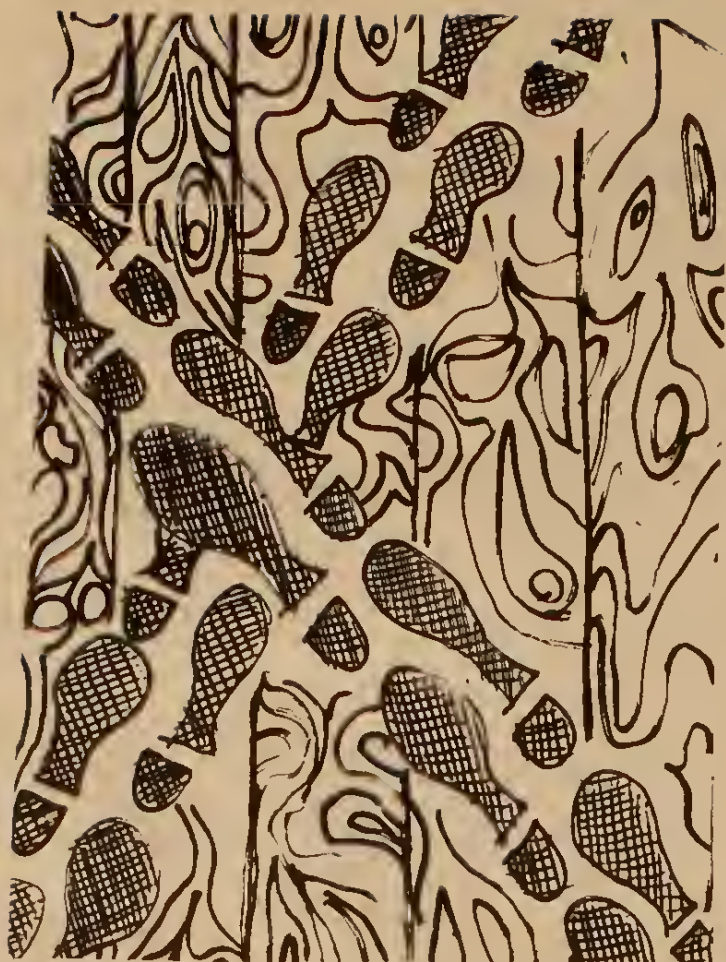


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& LEE CHILDRESS

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30 Q

Dear Friends:

(1)
In the month of August, 1981, I went on vacation, traveling to the State of Washington. Just before leaving, I had behaved very strangely at the San Francisco Art Commission where I was working. I was so angry at my job that I left the office, called and told someone I was sick and on my way home, and went home. I was unreachable for three or four days, and unaware that certain of my co-workers were trying to reach me. Shortly after this, I arrive at my parents' house in Mt. Vernon, Washington. In the middle of the night, that first night home, someone shot five bullets into my parents' house. Is there a relationship between my behavior and this incident?

(2)
Several months before this period, I was living in a room in a large Victorian house on Page Street. Nine rooms, I believe, with shared kitchen arrangement. I come home from work one evening to find my room broken into. The house is empty except for one person. Other rooms have also been broken into. I learn that earlier in the day a police car had driven in behind the house to rout some kids who were playing there. They spot a marijuana plant through the window. Come into the house. Arrests are made. They spend the afternoon waiting for others in the house to return home. Further arrests, including people who do not live there.

Shortly before I arrive, they leave, taking several people to jail. Why didn't they wait for me? Particularly since they had time enough to hang around the place all afternoon, and also because they found a small amount of grass in my room.

How did one of the people living in this house know, as he reported to me, that one of the narcs (who, I guess, arrived because of drugs having been found on the premises) was a Higher Up in the agency? I later learn that one of them asked about this Mellott fellow.

I am wandering through the house with the one other person who is there and find, on a ledge just inside a room on the second floor (my room is on the 3rd) a copy of a poetry chapbook of mine entitled CALLES DE BARCELONA. Why did that narc take that book from my room and elave it on that ledge?

(3)
I notice a man in a bar looking at me. He then looks at his watch and looks at me a second time. Later, in another bar on the other side of town, I see this same man talking with someone who used to live in this house on Page Street. Curious.

(4)
I get on a #8 bus at Castro and Market Streets. I sit down near the front. A man wearing mirror glasses immediately sits next to me. Within seconds, I hear a loud bang, directly behind me. I turn. A man who is holding a popped balloon is looking at me. The man sitting next to me is also looking at me. Why did this happen?

(5)
The Art Commission building at 165 Grove Street is partially gutted during the night. Arson. An adding machine just recently acquired for my use is the one thing missing.

(6)
Previous to this fire for several days, a terrifying jerking effect takes place in my mind. It feels like I am going mad. One day it is so bad that I have to go home to bed. Why?

(7)
A clerk/steno in the office mentions to the Director something about wearing or not wearing a suit to work. A few mornings later, early in the morning, two policemen appear at his door holding a suit of clothes which, they say, they found hanging from the door of his car, which is parked in an open carport. The suit, which is not his, is several sizes too big. Why did this happen?

(8)
An employee of the Art Commission has an accident with his car. His wife comes to pick him up in another car, and they have an accident. Curious.

(9)
My briefcase disappears. I have the feeling that it will eventually show up. Some weeks later, I have a dream. In the dream is an oriental woman and a co-worker (Madame, let's call her). The next evening the phone rings. It is an oriental woman from a restaurant nearby where I used to eat from time to time. She informs me that they have my briefcase. Why did they keep it for several weeks? Or, did it just show up on a chair a day or so before the phone call?

The next morning, I am in the Phone Room at City Hall. As I approach its exit, Madame appears. What timing!

Shortly thereafter, I am at work at my desk, typing up my understanding of what it all means. As I am doing this, the Director does something she had never done before, and never did after. She approached my desk and asked to borrow my... briefcase!

(10)
Madame stands near my desk and informs me that she has taken some sort of wall sample from the building in which we are working (8th floor), an old building, and sent it to an architect friend. He informed her, she told me, that this building is held together solely by bricks. T r e m b l e.

(11)
The Director calls me at work. She has gone to a paper company to buy some paper. I tell her that we can't buy paper there, but must go to the City Warehouse. She's been working in this department for ten years!

(12)
The Director calls me at work. She is in the basement of City Hall to pick up a lightbulb and wants to know the size. I give it to her. She brings the wrong size.

(13)
It is about 5 o'clock. I am standing, at work, looking out a window down on the Moscone Convention Center. The Director appears from behind me and says abruptly: "What are you looking at?" I answer: "I'm just looking out the window." She turns and walks away without saying another word.

(14)
It is generally known that a certain employee is into incense in his apartment. Suddenly, an incense odor is noticeable in the entrance of the building where we are working.

(15)
Why did the fire at 165 Grove occur in close time/proximity to two other, much larger, fires?

(16)
The Art Commission is finally able to hire a highly qualified clerk/steno whose contribution is outstanding and who is working out of class, and yet is harrassed constantly (especially by Madame) until he becomes ill and eventually leaves the Department.

(17)
Why was there no arson investigation after the fire at 165 Grove?

(18)
Why did something appear in the paper after the fire regarding radioactive materials in the building? Why was this never confirmed?

(19)
Why is the Art Commission's Director out of town during a week in which an incident directly involving her department gains news and TV headlines for several days and is on the national news? Yet, upon her return, she lets it be known that she only heard about this on the return flight the night before? She kept the place in chaos, I can tell you, by her a b s e n c e.

(20)
An outstanding and very dedicated employee, after a meeting with the Director, leaves the department for another job. Why?

(21)
Why is the Art Commission office kept in constant turmoil by the comings and goings of welfare recipients doing workfare?

(22)
Why have three Europeans (who survived the Second World War) been heavily involved in the Art Commission for several years?

(23)
Why does the Director consult with Madame on certain matters? After all, she is the latter's supervisor, not the other way around. Or is it the other way around?

(24)
Why was Madame, when the program she headed ceased to be, named to head another program? Many who knew her might ask why.

(25)
Why did the Art Commission have to change locations four times after the fire at 165 Grove?

(26)
I follow the Director into her office (to arrange for my departure). She has closed, but not latched, the door, and therefore does not hear me when I open it. She (still thinking that she is alone) is standing behind her desk. Her fisted hands are held up and her arms are tensed. Her face, turned to the side, is taut, "clenched" in an ugly stance. She turns and sees me. A look of horror and hatred appears on her face. Immediately, she takes on her normal demeanor, as if nothing had happened. (What she sees on my face are tears.)

You see, I'm an even better actor than she is. I tell my story, and we arrange for me to be laid off.

Must be hard on anybody to play one part in order to hide another!

(27)
Who chooses the art chooses the image. Who sees the shadow sees the serpent.

(28)
Please note that the only person who wrote that the City's Art Commissioners knew what they were doing when they selected artist Arneson to sculpt the Moscone bust, art critic Thomas Albright, is c o n v e n i e n t l y d e a d!

(29)
Who thrashes this field writes this wall.
(30)

- by I-am SeriousInTheseMatters

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